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FEBRUARY 6, 1981

THE NAUGURAL

# NATIONAL REVIEW

**Anthony Lejeune on THE TRIALS OF MRS. THATCHER. . . Richard Brookhiser on THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION. . . Elizabeth M. Whelan on THE CHARGE OF THE CANCER BRIGADE. . . n Autopsy for Mr. Reagan on MR. CARTER'S FOREIGN POLICY. . .**

MR E RUT SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 8

**Also In This Issue:**

Senate Bulletin Board, January 1981 ◆ James Hitchcock on Modish Morality ◆ Joseph Sobran on George Gilder's Wealth and Poverty ◆ Plus Nicholas King, Adam B. Ulam

25th Anniversary

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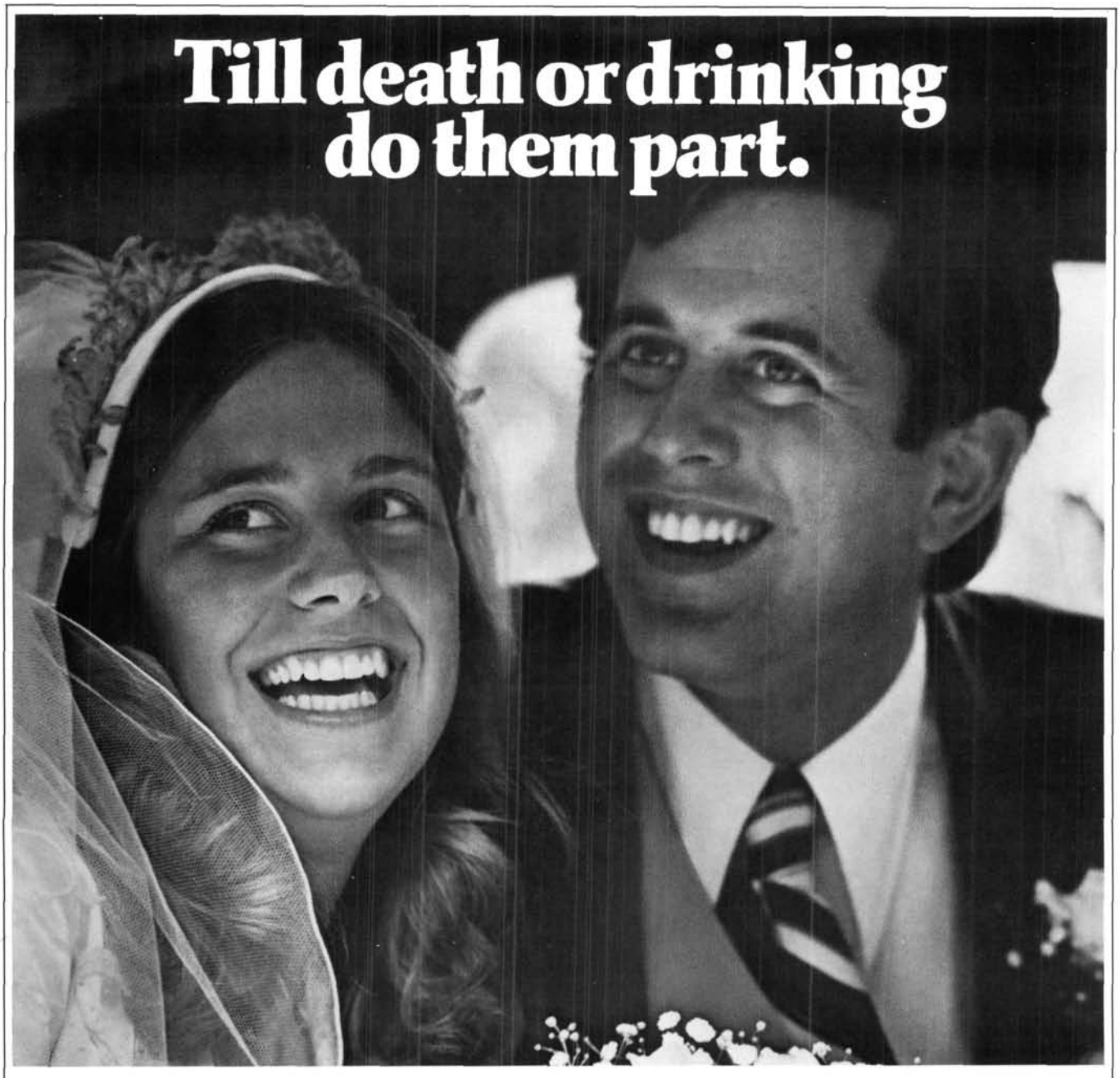
# Till death or drinking do them part.



Love used to conquer all.

But today, roughly one out of every dozen marriages in America comes apart over drinking.

Why should this be any concern of business?

Well, apart from the fact that these statistics are all people, alcoholism is proving expensive.

The latest estimate is that alcoholism costs U.S. business some $19 billion a year.

Eight years ago at ITT, we created a program to try and help employees or their families at participating ITT companies who had alcohol-related problems.

Or who had other personal crises, anything from drugs to finances.

One conspicuous feature of the ITT Employee Assistance Program is a telephone hotline, which employees or their families can call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Our counsellors listen and refer the caller to someone nearby who can help.

Since it began, this ITT program has come to the aid of several thousand of our people.

Most of them, we're glad to report, have been helped back to productive, even happier lives.

And equally to the point, most are still with us.

**The best ideas are the ideas that help people.** ITT

*For more information, write to Director-ITT Employee Assistance Program, Personnel Department, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

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# California Millionaire Wants To Share The Wealth

You think you've got problems?

Well, I remember when a bank turned me down for a $200 loan. Now I lend money to the bank — Certificates of Deposit at $100,000 a crack.

I remember the day a car dealer got a little nervous because I was a couple of months behind in my payments — and repossessed my car. Now I own a Rolls Royce. I paid $43,000 for it — cash.

I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at the house, demanding his rent — and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own five homes. Two are on the oceanfront in California (I use one as my office). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington, (that's where we spend the whole summer — loafing, fishing, swimming, and sailing.) One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii — Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages, — and — without touching any of my other investments — walk away with over $750,000 in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as "investments." I've got other real estate — and stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank — for that.

I remember when I lost my job. Because I was head over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every dime.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; but I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do — for 5 or 6 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat, swim, or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you — like me — can *decide* which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money. Ten dollars to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got $10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back...or keep it. And I don't *want* you to keep it unless you agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested.

Is the material "worth" $10? No — if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I am selling is information. *More* information than I give when I'm paid $1000 as a guest speaker. *More* information than I give in a one-hour consultation for $300.

But you're really not risking *anything*. Because I won't cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days — and I'll send back your check or money order — uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you really want to be on the safe side, post-date your check for a month from today — *plus 2 additional weeks.* That'll give you plenty of time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what you're thinking: "He got rich telling people how to get rich." The truth is — and this is very important — the year before I shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my net income was $216,646. And what I'll send you tells just how I made that kind of money...working a few hours a day...about 8 months out of the year.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." Remember I was up to my neck in debt when I started.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share. But I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better. I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that — nothing more, nothing less — the results will be hard to believe. Remember — I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again — I guarantee it.

I know you're skeptical. Well, here are some comments from other people. (Initials have been used to protect the writer's privacy. The originals are in my files.) I'm sure that, like you, these people didn't believe me either when they clipped the coupon. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their check for at least 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right.

*And here's what they gained:*

**'Wow, it does work!'**
"Oddly enough, I purchased Lazy Man's Way to Riches some six months ago, or so, read it..and really did nothing about it. Then, about three weeks ago, when I was really getting desperate about my financial situation, I remembered it, re-read it, studied it, and this time, put it to work and WOW, it does work! Doesn't take much time, either...I guess some of us just have to be at a severe point of desperation before we overcome the ultimate laziness, procrastination."
Mr. J.K., Anaheim, CA

**'Made $50,000 just fooling around'**
"In February 1974 you sent me (for ten bucks) your Lazy Man's Way to Riches. Since then I have made approximately 50 grand ($50,000) just fooling around on the basis of your advice. You see, I really am lazy — otherwise I could have made 50 million! Thank you!"
Mr. R. McK., Atlanta, GA

**'$24,000 in 45 days'**
"...received $24,000.00 in the mail the last 45 days. "Thanks again."
Mr. E.G.N., Matewan, W.VA

**Made $70,000**
"A $70,000 thanks to you for writing The Lazy Man's Way to Riches. That's how much I've made...

"I use this extra income for all of the good things in life, exotic vacations, classic automobiles, etc. Soon I hope to make enough to quit my regular job and devote full time to making money the easy way..."
Mr. D.R., Newport Beach, CA

**$260,000 in eleven months**
"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life...One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership...I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."
B.F., Pascagoula, Miss.

**'There's no stopping me'**
"Since I've got your (Lazy Man's Way to Riches) in July, I've started 4 companies...there's no stopping me and I'm so high I need chains to keep me on the ground."
M.T. Portland, OR

What I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers, and maybe everyone else you know.

I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you.

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older — or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

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**PROOF!**
**Don't take my word for it. These are excerpts from articles in newspapers and magazines:**

**Time:**
He only works half the year in his stunning office on California's Sunset Beach, and even when he's there he puts in short hours...In other words, Joe Karbo, 48, is the prototype for..."The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

**Seattle Times:**
Is it all honest? A man who has done business with him says Karbo's reputation is excellent, and that he has managed to conduct mutually beneficial deals with him with nothing but a handshake and an oral agreement.
Want to be rich? Take my advice and follow his.

**Boston Herald-American:**
The book has drawn hundreds of letters from persons who have profited by it...

**Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:**
An unpretentious millionaire, Joe Karbo of Huntington Harbor is a vibrant, living testimonial to his intellectual, pragmatic conviction.

**Forbes:**
After bouncing around show biz, advertising, and real estate, he made his fortune...Last year (1972) he made $250,000.

**Money Making Opportunities:**
Maybe Joe Karbo has the secret. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to find out what it is all about?...I just finished it — and I'm off on a vacation myself. Get the idea?

**The Boston Globe:**
Jay Haws of Chico, Cal. said the pep talk...in "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches" has "changed my life," and upped his freelance graphic designer income from $2000 to $30,000 annually.
"I'm not rich yet," said Haws, "but I see the light at the end of the tunnel...It gave me the swift kick in the pants that I needed."

**Long Beach Independent:**
He's programmed the path to riches for the lazy man.

Sworn Statement:
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."
Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Bank of Westminster
8251 Westminster Avenue
Westminster,
California 92683

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 591-J
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for at least 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material — for *any* reason — within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____
(Please Print Clearly)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
SORRY — NO COD'S

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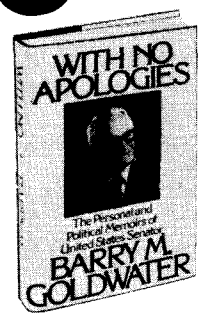


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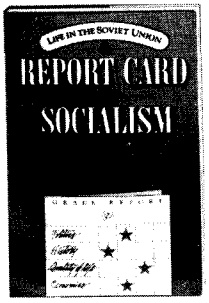


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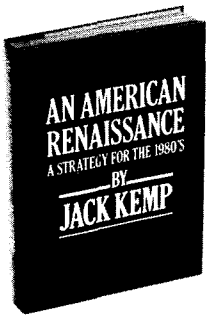


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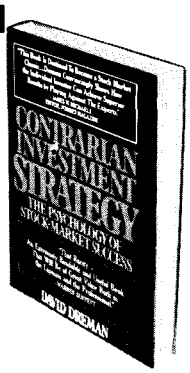


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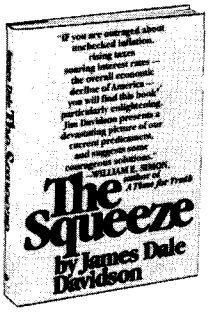


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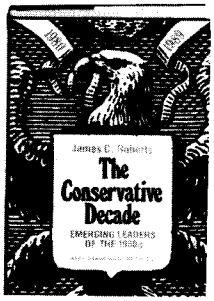


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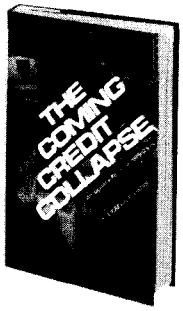


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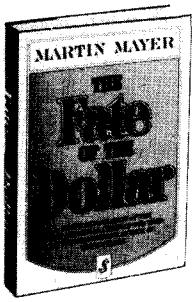


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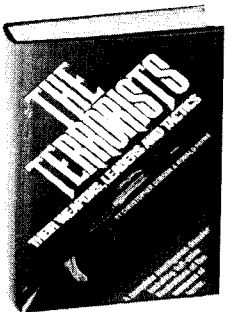


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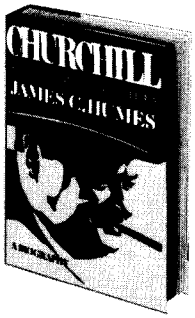


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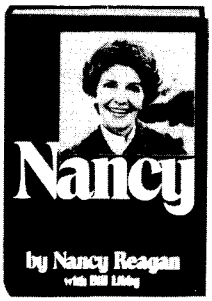


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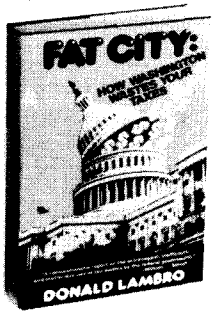


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Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

*Foreign Contributors*
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

*

# Letters

## Blight or Boom

At last! Madsen Pirie's article, "A Short History of Enterprise Zones" [Jan. 23], described fully a tantalizing idea that was mentioned, but not much more than that, during the Carter-Reagan debate. (Tax abatement and freedom from the restrictions of construction codes, health and safety regulations, and the cost of union wages have been suggested as a stimulant for rebuilding the South Bronx.)

The free-enterprise-zone idea failed in England because of improper handling at its launching, according to Mr. Pirie. The idea must not be lost.

I, for one, had not realized that the enterprise zone, by freeing an inner-city neighborhood from government regulations and taxes, is meant to stimulate the entrepreneurial talents of its denizens, in addition to attracting industry to areas of high unemployment.

In light of Richard Brookhiser's warning that disaffected Democrats will not adhere to a conservative movement until attractive economic policies have been developed ["Son of the Emerging Republican Majority," Dec. 31], let's hear more discussion on the matter.

*Bob Green*
*Harrington Park, N.J.*

## Eschew Obfuscation

It was surprising to read in Tom Bethell's article in the 25th Anniversary issue ["The Death of Keynes: Supply-Side Economics"] that "Keynesianism survived Hazlitt's analysis because there was at the time [1959] naught to replace it."

In fact, Keynes has (intellectually) long been sent to his last resting place, though most don't know it. Mr. Bethell would do well to read some of the works of Ludwig von Mises. This great thinker and economist is hardly ever introduced, except in short introductory histories, to the university students of America, and for good reason. His theories expose most economists for what they really are: obfuscators. I recently spoke to a candidate for an MA in economics at Yale who thought the name sounded familiar. Nothing like a well-rounded, unbiased education.

*Steven Ansell*
*New Haven, Conn.*

## Poison Gas and Hope Rays

Laurence W. Beilenson's cheerful forecast for Western civilization ["Is Nuclear War Likely?" Dec. 12] is based in part on the assumption that, "Man has used every weapon he has ever devised."

Given the extraordinary destructive power of the hydrogen bomb, wouldn't it be more productive to ask whether or not man has ever forsworn the use of a weapon he has devised because of the moral revulsion felt by all humanity at its use?

During World War II both sides possessed stockpiles of poison gases along with sophisticated delivery systems; used together, these would have proved far more effective from a military point of view than any of the gas attacks of World War I. But they were not used.

Beilenson drags from the tablets of history every psychotic ruler from Caligula to Stalin, every geopolitical gambler from Napoleon III to John Foster Dulles, and shakes their gory locks at us as prototypes of nuclear button-pushers.

Adolf Hitler could be matched against any of them for mental derangement, propensity to gamble, and/or ideological fanaticism. Yet throughout 1945, with the Third Reich crumbling around him, even Hitler would not order the use of the most deadly chemical agent available to either side at the time: nerve gas.

In Beilenson's black picture of the future isn't there a small ray of hope in that?

*Henry Lyle*
*Spring, Tex.*

## Mr. Beilenson Replies

The flame-thrower of World War II was less humane than gas. Like Mr. Lyle I hope atomic/nuclear weapons will never again be used, but history's patterns do not so indicate. However, in *Survival and Peace in the Nuclear Age* I do hold out hope, through avoidance and deterrence of nuclear war, by preparing an active defense against it, and by ameliorating its destruction.

*Laurence W. Beilenson*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

## Salt Solution

Captain John Draim's article on basing the MX missile at sea [Dec. 12] was intriguing, but overlooked one problem—where will we get the ships and men to carry all these missiles? Our current ship and personnel inventory is stretched thin already, without adding another naval mission. Where aboard ship do you securely store one or two ICBMs (or SLBMs) without downgrading other missions or needs? How many extra security precautions, inspections, and equipment checks and certifications would be needed?

Granted, MX is a rather poor solution; without addressing these other problems, the Navy as currently organized might not be the best choice to replace it.



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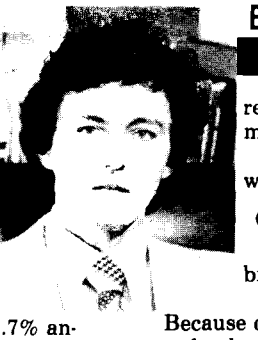
sider's" Secrets That Can Make You Rich ("TAX-FREE")

By Ed Cullin



*IAT'S 'W*

# 3 LITTLE KNOWN TAX OOPHOLES

SQUIRE MAGAZINE (January 30, ) reported that the 3 "little-known" tax egies in this story . . .

uld "possibly" be worth over $1 million rs to you.

age 65.

suming that you invested your tax sav- wisely.

put it into a savings instrument and the money to earn normal interest.

fact, the latest IRS figures (1978) reveal over 19.8 million taxpayers now benefit these 3 plans . . . at the savings of over billion yearly!

d with the possibility of $2-$3 dollars gallon of gasoline soon, don't you think you should at least "consider" doing the .

## ● PAY ZERO TAXES

re's an interesting example of what I . I call this PLAN #14 . . . the Middle In- Alternative.

d you know that you (ANYONE) can y start a "prestigious" 501 (c) (3) TAX- MPT nonprofit organization.

thin 48 hours. By mail. Or telephone. At y low cost.

ithout $2,500 lawyer or CPA fees.

adquartered at home. Or apartment. Us- P.O. Box mailing address.

en simply go open a bank account in the e of your new home-based nonprofit nization. Then simply donate up to of your adjusted gross income to it.

ery April 15th.

en take a corresponding TAX DEDUC- N. Which when added to your list, should ce your income tax liability to ZERO. r authority see IRS Publication 526.

## SCOUNTS, FAVORS, PRIVILEGES

en your new home-based nonprofit nization can, in turn, legally pay your ISING COSTS- rents, mortgages, ies, etc . . .

CAR EXPENSES- finance payments, ance, gas, oil, parking, travel, etc . . .

well as TUITION COSTS for school or ge. MEDICAL or DENTAL BILLS. ly VACATIONS. DATES. 2nd HOME ETREAT. GOLD. SILVER. GUNS. D.

nost whatever you want.

short, the money you paid IRS last year ld" have been converted to paying your g living expenses. Or investment costs.

## XTREME WEALTH POSSIBLE

ke a pencil & paper and figure it out. get last years tax forms and see how much money you lost (forever) because of ignorance of the Tax Laws. Now multiply that by 10-25-30 years depending on your age.

That's a lot of money, isn't it?

No wonder latest IRS figures (1978) report that there are 810,048 nonprofit organizations operating . . . and growing at the rate of 5.7% annually.

The VALUABLE INFORMATION that I just shared with you is only the start. It's only the tip of the iceberg. There are two other tax loopholes strategies that provide financial independence "and freedom" too.

I call them PLAN #25 and PLAN #27.

And I've published a new simple-to-understand, easy to read SOURCE BOOK that describes all 3 plans in detail.

That's not all.

I am so confident that you will be so completely satisified with the SOURCE BOOK, that I will explain how to obtain it with absolutely NO RISK involved.

I'll send it to you before you pay. Fair enough?

Now let me brag some more about its unique benefits.

## ● OTHER UNIQUE BENEFITS

First there has never been a book published like this before. This material is exclusive. And thought-provoking.

You will never hear about these 3 plans on radio or TV. Nor will 99 out of 100 tax experts ever tell you about them.

Unless they have read this SOURCE BOOK first.

This tax planning wisdom will change your life. As it already has done for me.

If you are interested in dropping-out of the Social Security Tax System, using Plan #14 permits you. Just file form 4029 or form 4361 with your local IRS.

A WORD OF CAUTION. This seldom-used procedure is NOT for everyone. To win exemption, you must have strong moral & religious objections.

To current SS recipients, don't worry! You will learn how to earn "additional" income TAX-FREE. Without penalty. So that you don't need your monthly SS check anymore. There's something for all.

You will learn how some creative individuals have ELIMINATED local property taxes . . . capital gains taxes . . . sales taxes . . . gift, estate, & inheritance taxes . . . probate, expensive lawyers, accountants, & appraisers that eat away you heirs inheritance . . . and lots more.

These 3 plans provide you flexibility. Absolute control. Instant liquidity. 100% privacy. Secrecy. Peace of mind. And enormous profit potential. Both financially and spiritually.

Britton Hadden, Boulder Colorado wrote "...I am sure that you are onto something of worldwide proportion and I want to get in on the ground floor."

I have hundreds of letters like this filed in my office.

Using these 3 plans you can become judgement-proof. Creditors can't sue you. You have no personal liability.

To be as thorough as possible, I have even included names, people, services, books & publications that will give you related tax-reduction instructions and investment ideas.

That can work in combination with my 3 loophole strategies.

## ● PROFIT OR PROPHET

There is no stone left unturned in bringing you these 3 loopholes.

Here's what I mean.

Because of my penetrating research, some people do NOT like what I have found. Therefore they call my 3 plans revolting. Radical. Immoral.

They try to discredit this material. For they have tremendous (self-serving) economic reasons for keeping it quiet.

But remember that's what they said about Jesus Christ. And his teachings.

Now I'm not Jesus. But Bible prophecy has influenced my SOURCE BOOK.

My short-range goal is to keep you off the welfare rolls . . . out of the food stamp lines . . . and emotionally healthy.

So that you don't "wake-up" someday and find yourself trying to live on a frighteningly small SS check at age 65.

Is that so bad?

That's about it. I don't know what else to tell you.

I only hope that I have convinced you that this SOURCE BOOK is worth the $24.95 that I'm asking you to send for it.

If you want to beat the system before it cripples you for life, you better make a decision while you have this paper in your hands to investigate this material.

## ● NO RISK

Here's the NO-RISK OFFER that I promised you.

Send a check or money order to the name & address listed below. I will then mail you a SOURCE BOOK. And if you don't agree that it is the GREATEST BARGAIN you ever got, return it undamaged within 1 year. And you'll be promptly refunded your money. With no questions asked.

To those of you who need a little reassurance that this is a legitimate offer, you can postdate your check for 31 days. This means that I can not deposit your money until you have the SOURCE BOOK in your hands.

Fair enough?

That's about as easy as I can make it for you to investigate this offer. You have nothing to lose but a 15¢ postage stamp.

But what if I'm right?

To get your copy, write the words BOOK #2: HOW TO PROFIT FROM LITTLE-KNOWN TAX LOOPHOLES on a piece of paper. Please print your name & address too.

Enclose this piece of paper into an envelope along with your $24.95 payment. Sorry no C.O.D.'s.

Then mail your order to: ULC Research Dept., **AE-0281** Box 526, 977 Montreal Road, Clarkston, Ga. 30021.

I've saved the best for last. When you order, you also receive a FREE 1 YR. SUBSCRIPTION to my newsletter called "Insider's" TAX LOOPHOLE DIGEST. A $24.95 value itself.

In conclusion, not only does my SOURCE BOOK describe the 3 plans, but my newsletter updates them regularly. A complete service for only $24.95. This offer will be discontinued at a later date. Send today.

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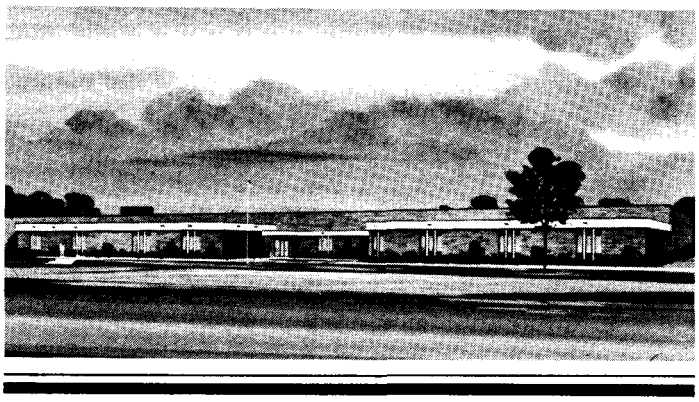
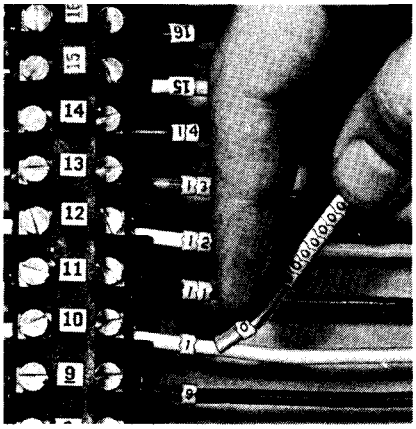
# Freedom to grow, Brady style



Despite the erosion of our dollar overseas and a wide range of economic problems at home, we at Brady take the long view with cautious optimism. Our growing international operations now include Australia, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Sweden and West Germany. Here at home, we have recently completed a new manufacturing plant at Merrimack, New Hampshire. Construction of our new technical center in Milwaukee (above) is under way.

These marketing, manufacturing and research activities go hand in hand with growing product lines in all of our divisions. The demands of our customers and our own research create new Brady products designed to help make information clearer, work safer, products more attractive, work more productive.



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One hundred billion dollars is a lot of money. It could buy thirty to fifty nuclear aircraft carriers or Trident submarines, or nearly one thousand B-1 bombers. Or, part of it could be used to aid military manning and retention, while still buying many of the above-mentioned mobile weapons platforms. You might even be able to bribe the Politburo into unilateral disarmament with that much money!

Captain Draim is right about the futility of MX. A HYDRA-type approach is feasible, but more complex perhaps than his article had room to consider.

*Lieutenant W. P. Gooley, USN*
*Newport, R.I.*

Captain Draim's article, "Move MX Missiles Out to Sea," seems to offer a solution to one of the more thorny problems this nation faces, but it has one tremendous failing—it makes sense.

Maybe with Reagan in the wheelhouse the logic of Draim's proposal will receive some effective attention, but it has been a very long time indeed since logic and reasonably intelligent actions have been acceptable to the bureaucrats of Foggy Bottom no matter how critical the matter at hand.

What self-perpetuating bureaucrat would follow Captain Draim's suggestions when the government could instead foul up two states, build ten thousand miles of paved roads, spend upwards of $100 billion, and pour 2.4 million tons of concrete? The answer is well known to all of us—plus the fact that that answer means we wind up locked in concrete with no place to go.

At least NATIONAL REVIEW and Captain Draim have laid it out there for consideration; let's see what happens with it.

*J. B. Jett*
*Knoxville, Tenn.*

## Choice Words

Thanks to the editorialist who, in writing of the eighth anniversary of the "Christmas bombing" in Vietnam ["The Week," Dec. 31], gave us "swivet," a fine, neglected word that shall rest splendidly in our latent vocabulary—next to "syzygy" —till we need to speak of a "state of extreme agitation."

But what are we to do with "brochure" as applied by the same writer to the Ethics and Public Policy Center's 120-page study, *The Prestige Press and the Christmas Bombing, 1972*? Who would pay $5 for a "brochure"? Don't sixscore pages merit at least "booklet" (or "bookette," or "bookling")?

It's enough to put one in a swivet.

*Carol Griffith*
*Editor, Ethics and Public Policy Center*
*Washington D.C.*

## The Big Picture

Your eyesight is better than mine. On page 1656 of NATIONAL REVIEW's 25th Anniver-



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sary issue is a photo of Clare Boothe Luce —and behind, the caption says, is Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. I can't see Mr. Leddihn. Can you?

Let's get with it and have a BIG picture of Mr. Leddihn. After all, he's one of the greatest thinkers in the world.

*Joan Vahlkamp*
*Annapolis, Md.*

*Keep your eye on the contents page.* —MC

### Senior English

Allow me to congratulate you and your "harried merry band" for the 25th Anniversary issue of your great magazine.

It is too bad that this issue cannot be placed in the curriculum of our senior high schools and colleges, with competent instructors to present the material.

Keep up the good work.

*H. L. Samford*
*Cleveland Heights, Ohio*

### NR's Own Stealth

I loved your 25th Anniversary issue, and as an ex-member of the *NR* family, I particularly enjoyed your in-house news [C. H. Simonds; Priscilla Buckley]. But a microscopic perusal of the pictures failed to turn up a shot of my beloved Marge Delaney. Where was she, and where, by the way, was the entire circulation department, without which no one would ever get to see the product, no matter how good? Does John Syze run such a "tight ship" that it has become invisible?

*Joan Rasanen*
*General Manager,* Artnews
*Former Circulation Manager,* NR
*Pelham, N.Y.*

### De Facto

I don't know where Mr. R. Sean Randolph got his facts for his article "Trading with the Enemy" [Sept. 19]. Undoubtedly many of his facts are valid, and I basically agree with the point he is trying to make. However, the statement that the Soviet Union has bought an RB-211 turbo-fan engine from Lockheed just is not so. Furthermore, there were no U.S. Government R&D grants provided to Lockheed for either the L-1011 or its engine. It is true that Lockheed got a government-guaranteed loan, which was paid off in due course at a tidy profit to the U.S. Government, but not one cent of Lockheed money paid for the development of the RB-211 engine.

Otherwise, congratulations on a thought-provoking article.

*F. E. Newbold*
*Executive Vice President*
*Business Development*
*Rolls-Royce Inc.*
*New York, N.Y.*

### Mr. Randolph Replies

Mr. Newbold's letter helps to clarify some


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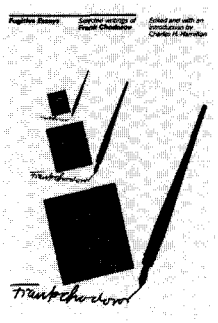

Fugitive Essays
*Selected Writings of Frank Chodorov*

Edited and with an Introduction by Charles H. Hamilton

Frank Chodorov, the son of Russian immigrants, was an unyielding advocate of individual freedom. He taught at the Henry George School, edited *The Freeman,* and was Associate Editor of *Human Events* and *National Review.*

These essays, collected for the first time in book form, contain Chodorov's thoughts on war, peace, communism, the State, capitalism, public education, politicians, and many other topics. Their connecting theme is the promotion of individual liberty in a chaotic world.
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of the facts concerning the RB-211 sale. My understanding of those facts is that the Soviet Union purchased 12 RB-211s from Rolls-Royce. They were not purchased from Lockheed, and on this I stand corrected. It might also be noted that, along with the engines themselves, the blueprints and technical data for the RB-211 were also passed to the Soviets (thus enhancing their independent technological base), though this was reportedly done by accident. My information on this subject was developed through Miles Costick, who has pioneered much of the recent work on the strategic trade question and who serves as president of the Washington-based Institute on Strategic Trade. I have confirmed this information with Mr. Costick, and it remains my understanding that U.S. Government funding provided to Lockheed was at least indirectly involved in subsidizing the development of the RB-211.

*R. Sean Randolph*
*Senior Foreign Policy Analyst*
*Republican Study Committee*
*U.S. House of Representatives*
*Washington, D.C.*

### Archaeology

Conservatives at Dartmouth enjoyed William A. Rusher's timely call to "stamp out any remaining embers of liberalism." We do think, however, that this may be going a little too far. We are concerned that one of America's great relics may soon be extinct, a piece of our heritage gone forever, unavailable even for study by those scholars who in future years may wish to investigate such obscure political phenomena as the New Deal. A committee is being formed to preserve some of the few atavistic specimens of that most endangered of all species, *Liberalus americanus*.

Interested persons should write SAVE THE LIBERALS, care of *The Dartmouth Review*, Box 343, Hanover, N.H. 03755. We have already pledged George McGovern's acceptance speech to the 1972 Democratic Convention to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

*Greg Fossedal*
*Editor,* The Dartmouth Review
*Hanover, N.H.*

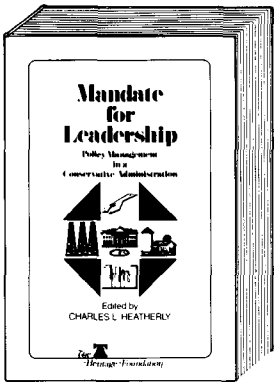
### Faith or Fortune?

Several times, William F. Buckley Jr. has been critical of the economic pronouncements of Roman Catholic leaders, most recently those of the Cardinal Archbishop of São Paulo ["The Search for Catholic Socialism," Dec. 12]. I share Mr. Buckley's concern over misguided clerical support for socialistic formulae which threaten faith and freedom, and—in contrast to free enterprise—retard the very social progress so dear to the good fathers. But as a newly baptized Anglo-Catholic and loyal *NR* reader I have difficulty reconciling the Christian message with either form of modern materialism. There is surely no prescriptive need for capitalism in a Christian civilization; historically, capitalism developed in an intimate, though hermeneutically uncertain, relationship with secularization. And, insofar as Say's Law and Madison Avenue suggest a connection between a "healthy" capitalism and an unhealthy explosion of popular appetites, economic freedom and spiritual freedom may often appear to be at cross purposes.

To be sure, capitalism outperforms socialism, and private property is essential to civil liberty. But does free enterprise serve ultimate ends such that even Brazilian hierarchs unfamiliar with Hayek may be confident as to which is the side of the angels? And if so, would that not contradict the essential insight of twentieth century prophets like Solzhenitsyn and Muggeridge that the answer to dictatorship is not liberalism—but Christianity?

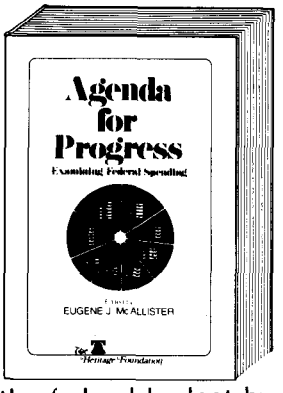
*Walter A. McDougall*
*Berkeley, Calif.*


## Two reasons Counselor to the President Ed Meese says, *"The Reagan Administration will rely heavily on The Heritage Foundation."*




When advance copies of this book were delivered to President-elect Reagan's transition office the week after the election, everyone started talking. This "extraordinarily detailed guideline for the Reagan team" (New York Times) contains, "not vague theorizing, but chapter and verse specifics, the nitty gritty of the Right way to govern" (Dallas Morning News). This "blueprint for grabbing the government by its frayed New Deal lapels and shaking out 48 years of liberal policies" (United Press International) is "unprecedented in its scope and depth" (new budget director David Stockman). Outgoing Senator Birch Bayh calls it "most disturbing," while incoming Counselor to the President Edwin Meese finds it "very impressive."

For a glimpse ahead at the Reagan Administration, read *Mandate for Leadership*. Distributed by Caroline House: $12.95 (paperback); $21.95 (hardcover).




David Stockman, President-elect Reagan's budget director, wrote that Mandate for Leadership "only whets my appetite for The Heritage Foundation's *next* effort." This is it.

*Agenda for Progress, Examining Federal Spending*, is an incisive and insightful examination of the federal budget by seventeen market-oriented budget experts. Their combination of academic and congressional experience results in sound analysis and practical, yet radical suggestions for redirecting federal spending policies.

Read the book on the federal budget that will be read by people who prepare the budget. Distributed by Caroline House: $6.95 (paperback); $11.95 (hardcover).

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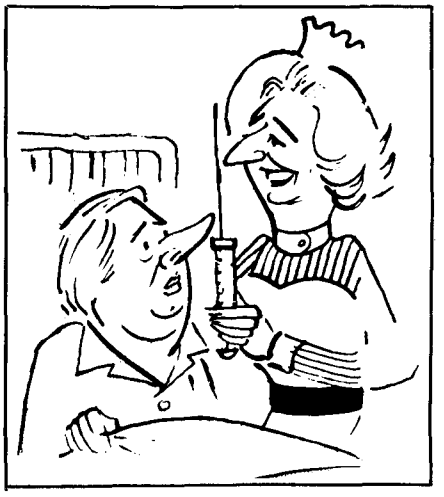
# FOR THE RECORD

■ They're off. And one thing to expect from the new Administration is a quick, sharp drop in the tax on "unearned" (interest/dividend) income, which would set bells clanging in the **Exchanges** as investors move from tax-free municipals to industrial stocks. . . . Apparently the **Carter**-shelved **Clinch River** fast-breeder reactor will be reactivated. A former critic of Clinch River, **David Freeman**, chairman of TVA, just back from a visit to the French fast breeder, now urges resumption of Clinch River. "I don't want a French monopoly on the power plants of the next century." . . . Also in the cards, say **Evans & Novak**, is an intensified campaign against international terrorism, whether it is freelance (PLO, Red Brigade) or governmental (Iran, Libya). Reagan doesn't intend for the U.S. again to be "brought to its knees," as Iranian Executive Affairs Minister **Behzad Nabavi** gloated over Iranian TV on Jan. 20. . . . Where the Reagan team can cut and cut fast is in the exploding **food stamp** program. A 17-year graph of expenditures on food stamps (now $9.7 billion), writes *Washington Post* reporter **T. S. Reid**, "looks like the side of the Empire State Building—there are a few ledges, but mostly the dollar curve goes straight up." . . . Rather neat: **Jeane Kirkpatrick** left Georgetown U to go to the UN as Reagan's UN ambassador; and Carter's UN ambassador **Donald McHenry** goes to Georgetown.

■ The **Dow Jones** may have slipped twenty points on Jan. 20, but that doesn't reflect the mood of the country. A **Dun & Bradstreet** survey of 1,400 business executives right after Nov. 4 shows 66 per cent believe President Reagan will have a "favorable effect" on business. The vote after the 1976 Carter election was 22 per cent. . . . A **Gallup** of the nation at large shows 41 per cent think 1981 will be better than 1980. (A year earlier only 31 per cent thought things would be better.) . . . Prophetic words (maybe). In the wake of November 1976, political analyst **Richard Scammon** responded to reports on the demise of the GOP thus: "There's nothing wrong with the Republicans that a 12 per cent inflation won't cure." Now he's saying: "There's nothing wrong with the Democrats that 10 per cent unemployment won't cure."



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

**"Turn over—this is going to hurt."**

■ Don't count the libs out. The **National Committee for an Effective Congress** (NCEC) has already targeted five conservative senators for defeat in 1982: Republicans **Roth** (Del.), **Lugar** (Ind.), **Schmitt** (N.M.), and **Hayakawa** (Calif.), and **Byrd**, Independent (Va.). . . . The **ADA** hastily assembled on Jan. 20 to order Reagan to drop memberships in clubs that discriminate against women. . . . **George McGovern** has enlisted some recent losers in his new Americans for Common Sense, among them former Sens. **John Culver** and **Frank Church**, former Rep. **Bella Abzug**, and TV producer **Norman Lear**, lately of the **John Anderson** ranks. . . . Former McGovern campaign manager Sen. **Gary Hart** (D., Colo.) is reportedly ready to make a bid for the 1984 Democratic presidential nomination. Hart, whose ACU rating is a slim 10 per cent, is strong on defense matters, has been downplaying the old-time liberalism. One asset: he's one of the few prominent Western Democrats. . . . For the record: If down the line you hear that **Teddy Kennedy** scored an abysmal 33 per cent on the 1980 ADA rating sheet, remember this: the ADA docks senators who miss "crucial" votes. The campaigning Teddy of '80 missed 12 of 18 key votes.

■ Personnel Notes from Washington: **Roger Moore**, chairman of the Board of Directors of NATIONAL REVIEW, has been named General Counsel to the **Republican National Committee**. . . . Pulitzer-prize-winning former *NR* columnist **Anthony Dolan** is a Reagan speechwriter. . . . New York financier **Lewis Lehrman**, chairman of the Lehrman Institute, has been named a Trustee of the Heritage Foundation. . . . And **Karna Small**, new deputy White House press secretary, has confided to the *Washington Post* that when she goes to the beach she "tucks" *Human Events* and *NR* in her beach bag. . . . A sadness: **Ken Towsey**, head of the Rhodesian information office in Washington for many years, has been retired by the Mugabe government. The good news: Towsey plans to remain in the U.S.

■ **God is Dead** footnote: Who's the most admired man of the year? **Pope John Paul II**. The most admired woman? **Sister Teresa** (along with **Rosalynn Carter**).



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# THE WEEK

■ Scientists at MIT have developed bacteria that can produce ethanol (for gasohol) out of wood or waste organic matter. The process is cheaper and more efficient than present methods, and does not rely on needed food grains. Now back to the energy crisis.

■ What this country needs, after Andrew Young, is an equal and opposite reaction—and presto, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee approved Jeane Kirkpatrick 16 to 0. We will take no position on the appointment beyond noting that we are madly in love with her; any praise beyond this cautious minimum will depend on her performance in office. If her appointment does nothing else, perhaps it will result in the collection of her scattered essays. Her brilliant *Commentary* piece on "Dictatorships and Double Standards," which won her the enthusiastic attention of Ronald Reagan, is already widely quoted. Other essays, like her meditation on the McCarthy era and the rise of the New Class, are equally deserving. Blessed be he that appointed her.

■ In the *New York Times*' words, "the Reagan team even contemplates the dismissal of General David Jones for blatant political reasons." For *political* reasons? Yes. The adjective pertains to the making of policy. General Jones's deficiencies as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff are precisely in that category. *Blatant* reasons? No. It is hard to discern anything clamorous or vulgar in a mere decision to make way for a better grade of military counsel in a new Administration. The JCS chairmanship is protected by no tenure-of-office act. The occupant serves at presidential pleasure. The Chief Executive's authority in such a matter is plenary. An episode at issue is General Jones's accommodation to President Carter's decision to cancel the B-1 bomber in derogation of advice from the JCS. The General clammed up in soldierly subordination. The rub is that by statute the Joint Chiefs are military advisors to the Congress as well as to the President and the Secretary of Defense. General Jones discounted one duty in deference to his view of another duty. True, he owed the President obedience, but he also owed the Congress his best advice.

■ Identifying Paul H. Nitze as "Deputy Secretary of Defense in the first Nixon Administration," the *Washington Post* attributes the idea of choosing him for Under Secretary at the Pentagon to "an effort to appease the conservatives upset by Frank Carlucci in the Number Two job." Nitze did once serve in the Number Two slot at the Department of Defense—but in Johnson times. Under Nixon, he represented Defense, and supplied what strategic acumen there was, on the SALT negotiating team. He quit in early 1974 out of dismay over what he regarded as White House temporizing harmful to U.S. strategic interests. As for the alleged purpose of placating conservatives—what Nitze is needed for is his superb comprehension of strategic principles and weapon systems. Whatever the uses of managerial talent and bureaucratic deftness, someone near the apex of that sprawling establishment has also got to have an authoritative grasp of its mission. Nitze, with unflagging energy and intellect at age 74, would have been our choice for the Number One spot, but nobody asked. His willingness to return to public service at a lower level than before deserves commendation.

■ The Reagan Administration is keeping on Washington attorney Max Kampelman as U.S. representative, with ambassadorial rank, for the Helsinki Accord review process—a wise decision. Kampelman turned in a first-rate performance at the Madrid sessions last autumn, his first venture in diplomacy. The solid front there among non-Communist delegations was largely a reflection of Kampelman's deftness, patience, and energy. Kampelman, who entered the Washington scene as a Hubert Humphrey staffer, is one of the founders of the very effective Committee on the Present Danger.

■ "The Soviet Union has stunned the U.S. intelligence community by launching a new cruise-missile-firing submarine which will make American aircraft carriers ten times more vulnerable than they are now, Navy officials disclosed yesterday," reported the January 9 *Washington Post*. "The jumbo submarine, code-named Oscar, is almost twice the size of the largest U.S. attack sub now at sea, and when in service will extend

## Premature Cassandras

I shall not question Regan's views
  Or whether Frank Carlucci
Means Weinberger is giving us
  A grass skirt hoochie-koochie.
Is Haig a clone of Kissinger?
  Is Bell the NEA's?
I'll give the President a chance
  And, maybe, later, praise.

W. H. VON DREELE



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the lethal reach of Soviet anti-carrier forces from today's twenty miles to two hundred miles, they said." Let's hope this doesn't provoke Ronald Reagan to start an arms race.

■ Quieter than water, lower than grass. That's how we characterize the protestations of Yuan Xianlu, foreign editor of *The People's Daily*, in his letter printed by the *New York Times* ("China and Reagan," Jan. 17). U.S. recognition of Taiwan will be the main obstacle to Sino-American relations, Xianlu says. As a young friend of his apparently put it: "If a friend shakes hands with you warmly, but deliberately steps on your toes over and over, can you long stand it?" Those "stubborn" enough to insist on strengthening ties between Washington and Taipei "lack the correct strategic point of view and also cannot really play an active role in the overall anti-hegemony strategy." Summing up, Xianlu concludes: "Stop stepping on toes, and let us shake each other's hands more ardently." Noting the Eastern fondness for a catchy saying, we asked our *Pravda* correspondent for a rebuttal, and here it is, all in real Russian proverbs: "Don't try for a hot place before your father"; "Don't go into the woods if you fear wolves"; "Don't spit into the well, you'll have to drink from it"; and "Don't count your chickens before autumn."

■ Guess who publicly set fire to a Soviet flag last December? Give up? Okay, it was a group of Harvard and Radcliffe students—and they did it right in the center of Harvard Yard. "We feel sympathy for those people who have to fight and die for their freedom. We don't want to allow people to forget Afghanistan and Poland." These are clearly callow freshmen, not yet tutored in the complexities of international relations in a world where the East/West struggle has been replaced by the North/South dialogue, where cold war rhetoric no longer applies to the backward, uh, underdeveloped, uh, developing, uh, emerging nations of the Third, uh, Fourth, uh, Fifth World . . .

■ Report from Robert Frost Country. The court calendar for Newport, New Hampshire, for a single December day, included the following items. Stuart C. Stone, 22, of Sunapee, N.H., indicted for the first-degree assault and rape of a Claremont woman. Brian Cuthbertson, 19, of Claremont, indicted for second-degree assault; charged with beating Philip LaTour of Claremont with a baseball bat. Gene Desharmais, 18, of Claremont, indicted for aggravated felonious sexual assault; charged with sexually assaulting a three-year-old girl in Claremont. Donald G. Woodley, 29, of Plainfield, indicted for felonious use of a firearm and robbery, both charges stemming from the alleged robbery of Minckler's Store in Cornish. Patricia L. Lamer, 22, of Sunapee, indicted on six counts of forgery . . . Grandma Moses, call your office. New York seems safer all the time.

■ With unemployment officially placed at 18.7 per cent among teenagers, and up to 50 per cent among minorities, the government finally did something about the problem—it made things worse by raising the minimum wage. Organized labor says it's not enough.

■ Idle hands at the Small Business Administration, so-called, have approved a guarantee of 90 per cent of a $300,000 industrial park a few miles away from one of their earlier industrial parks, which is vacant.

■ Soviet officials blame a cold snap, of all things, for imperiling their winter wheat crop. Maybe the revolutionary planners weren't expecting winter this year.

# Conservative Revolution

It often happens in history that the need to conserve essential things requires in fact drastic change. We appear to be living through just such a moment, when the will is prepared to meet the necessity.

On January 20 there occurred an extraordinary convergence. Even as President-elect Reagan raised his hand to take his oath of office, the nervous choreographers—"barbarians"—in Teheran were releasing their kidnapped Americans. History, ineluctably, had brought the two events together. The Teheran kidnappers had little choice in the matter.

A presidential Inauguration always has mythic qualities, to one degree or another, and this one possessed them powerfully. In *The Waste Land*, T. S. Eliot reached back to the ancient myths of death and rebirth to describe a familiar human experience. The god was dead, and all things longed for his resurrection. The king was dead. Long live the king.

Hope is always renewed, both in the individual life and in the national experience. Often this goes against all the lessons of experience. In 1952, Dwight Eisenhower replaced Harry Truman amid great expectations. In 1960, under John F. Kennedy, the torch passed to a new generation. Both times, things remained pretty much the same. In 1968, Richard Nixon earned a mandate for change, but nothing much happened in terms of policy direction. Carter will go down in history as a complete cipher. The question of the hour is whether or not we are at a moment in history like 1936, when fundamental changes were set in motion.

Even nature seemed to conspire in the mythic pat- →



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# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Monday Night Gala was higher on humor than it was on other forms of entertainment. The *Washington Post*, whose television writer Tom Shales is known as a fast man with a sharp pen ("It looked as though Reagan were trying to ignore Sinatra, but maybe that's just wishful thinking"), complained that the songs were a little heavy on treacle, but he didn't lend historical perspective by reminding his readers of the Camelot years. At their best, the *Post* writers are very funny ("'. . . tonight'"—Reagan's acknowledgment was quoted, "'there was a point during the show when I leaned over to Nancy and said, "It's sunk in."' He didn't say what point that was, but it was probably not the point when Carson twitted him about his age, saying that Nancy Reagan was going to decorate the White House in antiques, 'old furniture that Ron used as a boy'"). At their worst, they sounded like the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr. (". . . not a single reference was made to the . . . hostages in Iran. . . . The wall-to-wall value of the clothes worn that night might wipe out the national debt"). The society writers made heavy weather over the plumage of many of the guests, which in other cirumstances would be dubbed a return of style to Washington, but now is deemed an invasion by the plutocracy. Still, the talk showed only occasional signs of strain; on the whole, good-natured. The critics haven't yet come up with the exact mix for Reagan Bile. The formula for disparaging him hasn't been mass-produced yet, but everyone in Washington knows it will come. Inevitably.

■ At the little church service the day of the Inauguration there were 150 invited. The resident minister, in the little church a block from the White House, came close to blowing a church-state fuse when he announced that this was a great day for the Republic, a hard remark in the light of the adamant attendance record, in that church, of the outgoing President. The Reagans imported their own pastor from Bel Air, with the improbable name of Don Moomaw, a huge, impressive figure with a theatrical voice perfectly suited to Hollywood. He went on to perform the benediction and the closing prayer at the Inaugural ceremony, and later, in the reviewing stand, mixed it up with the Reverend Billy Graham, and made an early-morning devotional date. "Let us bow our heads in prayer" brought perfect compliance except for the two men on the balcony who faced not the altar, but the congregation. Churchgoers themselves, no doubt, but the Lord's business of Secret Service men is to take quite seriously the proposition that we are all sinners, among whom lurks the potential assassin, even at church, even among the President's friends, one of whom—as far as the Secret Service is concerned—might be Lady Macbeth. Looking across at the golden face of Barbara Bush, it strained the imagination.

■ The Inaugural, staged on the West front, was fine, so to speak, from the stage; less so from the bleachers. The people who took public oaths had a splendid view out over the Mall. The spectators were deprived of the grand entrance provided by the steps of the East front. The thunderous voice coming in over the amplifier announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Chief Justice and Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." And in they came, but at sea level, visible only to their immediate companions, and the television above. The most privileged area outside the immediate circle surrounding the participants ("A-1" the tickets said) was vast, making way for everyone from Henry Kissinger to brothers-in-law of senators. Three presidential candidates were among them: the republicanization of America. Probably a good thing. At the same time, a little less than generous. Picking up one's wounded, at another level, probably should include a little elevated area for former Cabinet secretaries.

■ The speech—insiders had insisted it was so—was written by the new President himself, on his yellow pad, flying in from California, the Governor having rejected several proffered drafts from highly professional writers. There wasn't much filigree in it, and it was hard on the outgoing President, who was required by protocol, when the speech was over, to applaud what was really a sustained indictment of the policies of his own Administration. But there was a reassuring toughness. The crisis at home was stressed, a program of action promised. In that morning's *Washington Star*, historian Allen Weinstein (*Perjury*) ruminated on the function of the Inaugural Address, which is to unite. He cited the final paragraphs of Lincoln's first Inaugural, when the differences within the country had already begun to take bloody form. They brought, from Lincoln, poetry: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." Our new President's more homely prose benefited from a workaday schedule, suggesting a welcome relief from the helium of the preceding presidential address, which was followed very quickly by capitulation to any organized velleity, whether domestic or Islamic. The applause sounded sparse, but the good humor was palpable.

■ At the reviewing stand Billy Graham leaned over to pick up the golden earring that had fallen from the earlobe of the wife of the Cabinet secretary, but she was down there ahead of him. His comment, "Maybe this is the best way of getting people down on their knees!" The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court wandered over to shake Dr. Graham's hand. "I need some spiritual counsel!" Cato asked him whether he would like some constitutional counsel while he was at it, but the Chief Justice said he was well up on the Constitution. At the reviewing stand, there was only one performing group, of the 112 that would pass by the stand, that everyone looked forward eagerly to evaluating. Because the story had swept the nation's capital (and Cato doesn't suggest he hasn't been scooped): The relevant executive from the Inaugural Committee, having sent an agent to review its proficiency (the routine way by which aspirants to participate in Inaugural parades are handled) said no to the Strom Thurmond High School band. The next day the executive received a telephone call. "This is Senator Thurmond, good morning, young man. Ah wanted to know whether y'all had any plans to live heah



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in Washin'ton, mebbe takin' a position with the government, cause it's likely you'll come befow mah committee . . . Now, 'bout the Strom Thurmond High School band . . ." There was a countdown, six to go . . . American Driving Society . . . Fort Walton Beach High School band . . . VPI marching unit . . . three to go: VMI band . . . American Saddlebred Horse Association. ARE YOU READY? The Strom Thurmond High School band, black boys and girls in their early and late teens—well, they performed like Rocky, very nearly knocking out the champion, they were so good. Senator Thurmond wasn't in the least surprised. Every now and then an aide would approach the new President and brief him, or give him something to sign. The President would turn and shout out the latest report on the whereabouts of the hostages.

■ They returned to the White House. Home. Alone, except for the decorator. It may be just rumor, but Cato is there to pick up rumors, and this one has it that the First Lady had a little dinner on a tray with the decorator, leaving the President, so to speak, high and dry, without, really, time—before all those Inaugural balls beginning two hours later—to declare even a little war against anybody, or to cut taxes, or balance the budget. "Why don't you go to the Oval Office and think what you want to do with it?" came the practical suggestion from the First Lady; and practical suggestions, after all, are one of the main things everybody wants from President Ronald Wilson Reagan.

—CATO

→

tern. For two weeks before January 20, Washington shivered under an unaccustomed cold spell. Piles of dirty snow lay in the gutters. But, as the wooden stands went up along Pennsylvania Avenue, there was an emotional force felt in that still-provincial city, an atmosphere of waiting, of expectation. Inauguration day brought spring-like temperatures—and even among Reagan's political opponents, a sense of relief. They, as much as we, needed a new beginning.

The Inaugural Address fulfilled all expectations. The new President had his priorities in order. "These United States are confronted with an economic affliction of great proportions. We suffer from the longest and one of the worst sustained inflations in our national history. . . . Those who do work are denied a fair return for their labor by a tax system which penalizes successful achievement and keeps us from maintaining full productivity."

In terms of policy, that was the domestic core of the speech—a call for drastic change. But, precisely on target, Reagan called for such change in the name of conservative goals. "To continue this long trend is to guarantee tremendous social, cultural, political, and economic upheavals."

In the foreign-affairs sections of the speech, students of presidential rhetoric noticed changes both large and small. In 1960, Walter Lippmann blue-penciled John Kennedy's Inaugural Address, changing the word "enemies" to "adversaries." Twenty years later, Reagan spoke directly and honestly of "the enemies of freedom." In his splendid peroration, Reagan looked at the vista before him, the Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln memorials, and beyond, to the smaller monuments in Arlington National Cemetery. From Belleau Wood to Omaha Beach and the rice paddies of Vietnam, he said, there have been heroes of freedom. The days of hand-wringing, at last, are over.

History, as T. S. Eliot wrote, has many cunning corridors, and success is by no means guaranteed to the new Administration. But the priorities are right, and the touch so far absolutely sure. As the President said, "We are Americans."

## The Infestation at State

A Roach Motel won't do the job.
  A spray just turns them on.
A boric acid bath full-strength
  Will merely leave them wan.
A fumigating bomb's been tried
  Which left some looking vague.
I hope they'll bite their nails a bit
  Anticipating Haig.

W. H. VON DREELE

# 444 Strikes and You're Out

We welcome the hostages home, and wish long-deferred happiness to them and their families. Other American prisoners have endured more—most recently, our POWs held (some possibly *still* held) by Hanoi. But the 52 victims of the Ayatollah have endured quite enough.

For over a year, they have lived among the props of an unwritten Waugh novel, *Black Mischief* transposed to the Middle East: howling mobs, cat-torturing mullahs, thugs disguised as students, thugs disguised as Prime Ministers. They were lectured, insulted, mocked, manipulated; bound at times in their chairs; locked in windowless rooms; terrorized with midnight raids; subjected to Russian roulette. And (a touch even a mind as black-humored as Evelyn Waugh's would have hesitated to conceive), for fourteen and a half months, the government of the United States could not secure their release or punish their kidnappers.

The final bargain has its good points, or more exactly, its less bad points. We refused to deliver into escrow anything more than the Iranian assets we had originally frozen. We rejected Iranian demands to



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apologize for our past policy (although our shabby treatment of the Shah, before and after the revolution, and our pledge never again to meddle in Iranian affairs constitute a kind of implicit apology).

In return, we agreed to lift our trade sanctions; to refer the claims of American creditors to an international tribunal; to "bar and preclude" the prosecution against Iran of any claims arising from their attack on the Embassy; and to freeze the assets of the Shah and his family, so that Iranians may sue to recover them. We shrugged off the usual quota of doubletalk and bombast. Iran's violation of all international law went politely unmentioned. Friends were inconvenienced, enemies got off scot-free. We put ourselves in the posture of a petitioner, advertising for the return of stolen knick-knacks: "LOST: 52 citizens. Sentimental Value. Please return. No questions asked."

The media will tell us that the crisis is over; yet the deeper crisis of will and purpose which made the kidnapping possible is still with us. To resolve this, several steps may be taken. Senator Baker has already announced that Congress will investigate the seizure as part of an inquiry into the safety of American diplomats generally. The investigation into Iran should be assigned instead to a separate subcommittee, and broadened to cover all our actions and inactions: the Huyser mission (which, many believe, encouraged the Iranian army not to resist the revolution), the sick Shah's merry-go-round, the rescue attempt. We know, or can find out, the identities of the "student" leaders; over the next few years, they might in various ways be made to pay a price for their depredations. Speaking of depredations, the Soviet Union behaved throughout with brazen malice; Soviet radio urged on the Iranian mobs, while Soviet papers ran poisonous stories, even in the last few days, about secret American invasion plans. (Ambassador Dobrynin dismissed this last as the freak of an individual reporter. Oh those wacky boys in the *Pravda* newsroom—straight out of *The Front Page*.) The Soviets should be told to shove all trade and arms-control proposals for the time being, while Congress votes a supplemental appropriation for the Polish channel of Radio Free Europe and the Central Asian channels of Radio Liberty.

But most of all, we need a re-examination of certain attitudes: our automatic prostration before any ideologue with a Third World address; our timid reverence for the "forces of history," as graphed by revolutionaries and Marxists; our conviction that life is all-important, and honor negligible. For whatever blame there is in the case rests ultimately not with Carter or Jördan or Vance, but with the view of the world on which they earnestly and conscientiously acted. The Reagan Administration should be ideally equipped to dismantle it.

## Relishing the Attorney General

Mr. Smith, when progressives suggested
He resign from the clubs they detested,
  Said they seem to cast doubts
  On the Boy and Girl Scouts,
A reply some still haven't digested.

W. H. VON DREELE

# Autopsy: Mr. Reagan's Inherited Foreign Problems

Amid the cant so characteristic of such proceedings, there were impressive glints of candor and wisdom in the Alexander Haig confirmation hearings—for example, Haig's explicit avoidance of sentimental generalizing about the so-called Third World, unbudging endorsement of the strategic good sense of the Christmas bombings in the Vietnam War, and assertion of the existence of "more important things than peace." That last utterance departed from a ritual mode persistent through six Administrations beginning with Eisenhower's.

Such thoughts—there were many others—bothered tender minds. The *Washington Post*'s Philip Geyelin envisioned Haig carrying a metaphoric swagger stick. The *New York Times*'s James Reston depicted "a Secretary of State who, right or wrong, regards diplomacy in military terms," with "a simple answer to all problems: more arms!" Such simplism is not borne out by the hearing record. What is revealed, rather, is an outlook properly attuned to George Washington's counsel "always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments in a respectable defensive posture."

Military strength, on Haig's reckoning, is indispensable in managing external affairs but not the all-encompassing end. With powers of synthesis as well as analysis, Haig's mind comes through as "a combining mind"—Edmund Burke's phrase—and that is the kind required for achieving coherence between military factors and other aspects of policy. A Secretary of State equipped and disposed to draw strategy within his province can be a big help in overcoming the deficiencies summed up as the Carter legacy. Haig's tenure—may his health and energies match his acuity!—gives promise of renewing for the State Department a role in strategy akin to the one it played in the production of NSC-68 31 years ago, the first formulation ever of a national strategy for the U.S. in peacetime.

A point scarcely needing elaboration—the centrally significant element in the interlocked circumstances which the Reagan Administration's policies must re-



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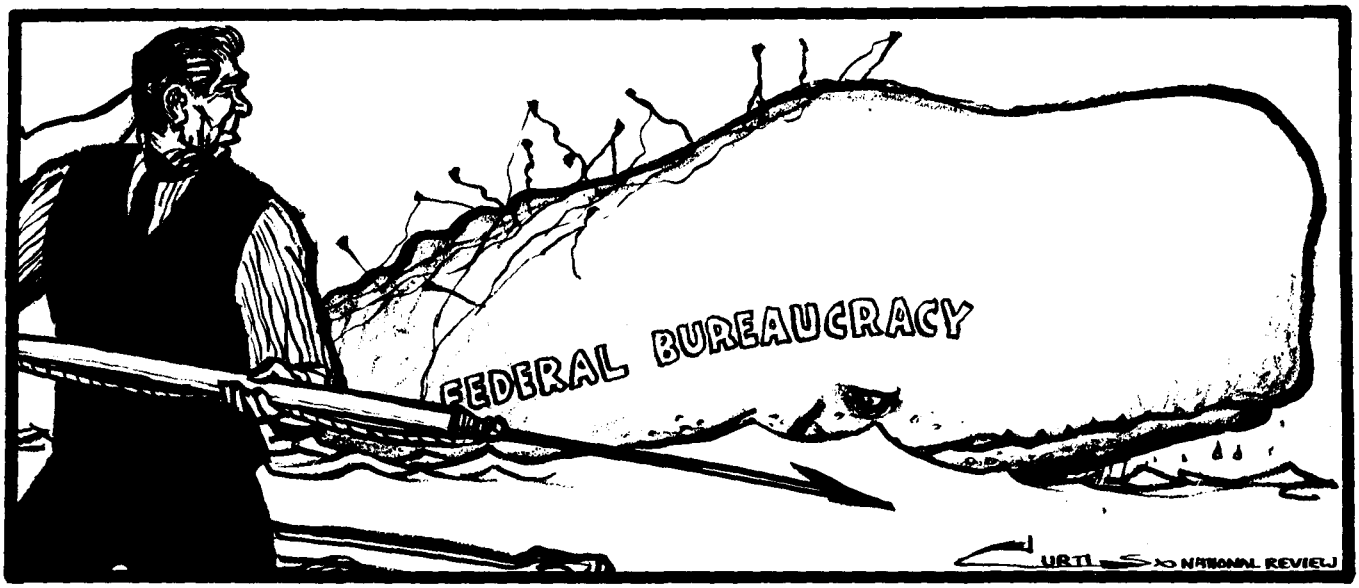


spond to and try to cope with—is that strategically the world remains obdurately bi-polar. A long-wished-for and often-hailed easing of the contraposition between the superpowers has not come to pass. Cold war and detente: tones of voice merely. Authentic images of the future persist.

The world's troubles as viewed from the United States' standpoint are by no means all of Soviet authorship. They are rooted, rather, in a miscellany of tribal, ethnic, and religious grudges, territorial rivalries, imbalances between needs and resources, antitheses between modernity and tradition, want of attributes by which great human aggregates are led to collaborate on solutions and their ruling groups are enabled to cultivate consent instead of tyrannizing—and so on through a huge list.

What the Soviet Union does, as it can, is to aggravate such troubles and exploit them to its advantage in power terms. The Soviet Union neither exemplifies economic success nor offers a dogma with mass appeal, for its shortcomings in production are legendary and the ruling creed lacks popular acceptance even in the home base. What is exemplified and offered instead is a method—marshaling propaganda, subversion, terror, and oppression—whereby to enable ambitious factions to get and to hold onto supreme and accountable power. Such has been the case all along. What is new is the relative magnitude of the military components of Soviet power—a situation that whets Soviet opportunism toward yet more aggrandizing initiatives.

The Soviet side has been persevering toward supremacy in all environments of warfare—land, sea, undersea, air, space—and in every kind of capability, including conventional, force projection, chemical warfare, theater nuclear, and intercontinental nuclear. In contrast, the United States has concurrently permitted the general welfare to become more and more a claimant against the common defense, experimented with attempts to negotiate a strategic stand-off, dallied with theories of war deterrence disjoined from war-fighting capabilities, and in general sloughed off in military competition.

As Soviet spokesmen are wont to boast—and those who would appease that side to echo—the reach of Soviet power has become such that no significant issue in world affairs can be settled without Soviet participation. Such is a Soviet goal, and the trend is in that direction. The counter postulate—amply demonstrable—is that Soviet participation in the settlement of any great issue tends to preclude any settlement suitable to U.S. preferences. From the U.S. standpoint, Soviet aggrandizement can only represent more and more turmoil and an inching toward eventual U.S. strategic defeat, with or without war.

Hence the need to replenish U.S. military strength. Meeting that requirement is a necessary but not a sufficient condition. It will not resolve the world's difficulties. It can only help prevent a situation where the world's distempers will be dealt with cumulatively to this country's undoing. The effort will be expensive. Not to undertake it would be hugely more costly. The course will entail danger. Desisting from it would be immeasurably more risky. Restoration of this country's palpable military strength is not only one of the great aspirations bespoken in President Reagan's Inaugural but is a condition precedent to sustaining all the others.

How long will the effort take? At least ten years, according to defense experts. Events in that interval will surely test U.S. fortitude in general and ingenuity in high places, for defining and upholding national interests in competition with a resourceful and pervasive adversary, while facing an unfavorable net assess-



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ment of military capabilities is a taxing experience to which the nation is unaccustomed.

Time is at a premium. In high policy, as in the rest of life, it is the long-term endeavors that brook no delay. Even though the eventual results lie years ahead, a palpable showing that the Reagan Administration means business in this regard can have immediate salutary effects that will be heard around the world. Other voices will counsel against doing things by fits and starts. The proper answer to such cautionary advice is that there is no other way of getting big endeavors off the mark.

What we felt in listening to Haig's testimony is that the man is attuned to such considerations.

# First Rounds

The "But Minister . . ." syndrome which doomed the promising enterprise-zone concept in Britain ("A Short History of Enterprise Zones," *NR*, January 23) is already endangering the Reagan supply-side tax cut. The opposition from the bureaucracy is focusing on the 1982 deficit, which the bureaucrats claim will balloon far beyond the Carter figure if the tax cuts are made effective in 1981. The Reagan team's plan of "hitting the ground running," a good idea in itself, has produced detrimental side effects in practice. The rush to produce budget and revenue numbers before the Treasury and OMB appointees are confirmed in office has let the civil service bureaucracy partly capture control over policy. On the policy front, round one goes to the bureaucracy.

On the political front, the OMB and Treasury supply-side team is being hacked away at by Reagan White House aides who feel left out of the action. The Reagan supply-side policy, which is based on budget- and tax-cutting, naturally throws the action to the OMB and Treasury team—whose credibility White House aides are working to undermine. They are pressuring Ronald Reagan to establish an outside group of economists to provide economic policy advice to the new Administration. Steven Rattner reported in the *New York Times* that Reagan "aides said the proposal reflected in part a concern that the economic team being assembled within the Administration would not be sufficiently expert to provide Mr. Reagan with adequate guidance on major economic policy matters"—a rather gratuitous insult to the strongest free-market economic team ever assembled within the Treasury. Rattner further reported that Martin Anderson "is the architect of the proposal," and that the outside advisory group is likely to include Arthur Burns, an anti-supply-sider, and Alan Greenspan, who is at best lukewarm toward the new policy. The OMB-Treasury team is too preoccupied with the difficult details of budget revisions and the tax plan to engage in political in-fighting, and there are some fears that they may be sandbagged, with an outside team wielding veto power from the start. On the political front, count round one as an uneasy draw.

Liberal journalists are working to drive wedges between Treasury Secretary Regan and his supply-side team. *Business Week* emphasizes that Regan opposed Kemp-Roth in congressional testimony as recently as July and quotes "a top Reagan advisor": "Don Regan is a very tough guy. He will not be a puppet of his subordinates." In other words, prove your independence, Mr. Secretary, by disregarding your supply-side subcabinet. "It would not be surprising," says *Business Week*, "to see Treasury's Regan gravitate toward White House domestic policy chief Martin Anderson, who is more a political pragmatist than a supply-side purist." On the media front, round one to the liberal press.

Anderson's footprints may also be seen in the appointments to the Council of Economic Advisors. Anderson blocked the appointment of Lewis Lehrman as chairman in favor of his own candidate, Murray Weidenbaum. Anderson is now using the appointment of Weidenbaum, who is a specialist in regulatory issues, as evidence for his argument that the Reagan economic team is too weak to deal with major economic policy matters without outside help. On the in-fighting front, round one to Martin Anderson.

# Bell at Education

The important thing about the new Department of Education is not so much its existence as its functions and its consequent political clout.

To be sure, the Department originated as a naked bribe to the education lobby by a politically desperate President Carter; and the National Education Association responded promptly with an endorsement of Carter's candidacy. It is also quite true that Secretary-designate Terrel Bell represents a peculiar, nay, a bizarre choice: a buser, a centralizer, a mainlining educationist [see page 116].

Terrel Bell, astonishingly, was nominated by the same Reagan who, in January 1980, stated clearly: "My program calls for a reimplementation of the Tenth Amendment to the Bill of Rights; that is the one that says the Federal Government shall do only those things that the Constitution calls for, and all others shall remain with the states or the people. . . . I would like to dissolve the $10-billion national Department of Education created by President Carter and turn schools back to the local school districts where we built the greatest public school system the world has ever seen."



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But the abolishing, cutting back, phasing out—whatever—of the Department of Education is secondary to a change in the direction of policy. The department is what it does. A voucher system, for example, and tax relief for the parents of private-school and college students would go far toward eliminating the practical clout of the education lobby and the department, its bureaucratic instrument. With a decentralization of educational funding, with a devolution to the individual states of educational authority, the Department of Education would be well on the way to becoming a paper tiger.

## Carter's (Entirely Characteristic) Farewell

True aficionados develop a respect for genre, for particular activities, and they like to see things done well. They do not enjoy seeing three runners end up on third base. They don't like a broken play or a bad novel, and they were affronted by President Carter's attempt at a TV reprise of George Washington's Farewell Address.

Trying for High Mindedness, Carter succeeded only in laying claim to a moral superiority without political substance and requiring no intellectual effort. Consider his handling of his four "major themes."

1. Carter deplored the rise of "special interest" and "single issue" groups in our politics, people who put one issue above all others and, as he sees it, neglect the larger public interest.

But simply deploring such single-issue groups is not enough. There is little to be gained by telling the pro- and anti-abortion groups to go away; they think the issue *is* of overriding importance. The same goes for the pro- and anti-gun-control people, the tax referendum groups, the popular initiative organizations, the anti-busers, the pro- and anti-ERA people, the various ethnic lobbies. These groups have arisen not least because of the institutional weakness of our major parties; and, indeed, Carter himself emerged as another reflection of precisely that weakness. His televised deploring of these "special interest" groups amounted to little more than a particularly empty velleity.

2. Carter came out for "the environment." But, of course, no one is *against* the environment. It's one thing to lyricize about "spaceship earth," as Carter did, and quite another to decide how much we must increase coal production, or how much and what kinds of nuclear energy we need. Until specific questions are addressed, merely being for "the environment" is worth nothing at all.

3. Carter worried aloud and at length about The Bomb. Well, he is scarcely alone in his desire to avoid atomic war; again, the question becomes specific: What's the best way of doing so? Atomic bombs have not been used for 35 years. It seems fair to say that they will not be used against us if we are strong enough to deter their use. In this connection it ought to be noted that scare talk about The Bomb has had the effect of weakening our resolve to resist other kinds of attack by both conventional and politico-military assault. Once again, Carter vaporized away and provided little substance as regards the world we actually have to deal with.

4. Finally, he celebrated "human rights," the centerpiece of his foreign policy, and urged that his example be imitated. But Carter's human-rights emphasis has made little difference in the Communist world. It may have helped overthrow the Shah and Somoza—hardly glittering triumphs—and it may yet contribute to Marxist revolutionary takeovers in El Salvador, Guatemala, and other hapless places. Under Carter, "human rights" was a policy of kicking midgets.

In his farewell to the American people, therefore, Carter was emptily moralistic. It was a fitting conclusion. During his Administration, Carter had little effect on the actual issues before us, the ones that affect the everyday lives of most people—for whom inflation is more real than The Bomb or human rights in some tropical backwater; and who are more affected by economic stagnation than by reflections on spaceship earth, and more by racial quotas and busing than by the debates of "special interest" groups. Because, as a politician, he so signally failed to engage real issues, Carter never felt like a "real" President. He was a sort of ghost, and he fades now like the morning mist.

## Notes & Asides

### Harry Elmlark, R I P

*Remarks at the Memorial Service, January 12, 1981, for Harry Elmlark, former president of the Washington Star Syndicate. (See also "On the Right," p. 117.)*

In Harry's will, in the draft he wrote in 1975, he specified that there should be no religious element to the memorial services, and that I should serve as the eulogist. He revised that will in 1977, specifying that a rabbi should be asked to say a few words, and that I should serve as the eulogist. I conclude that between 1975 and 1977, Harry discovered that I was not capable, all by myself, of doing the Lord's work. However,



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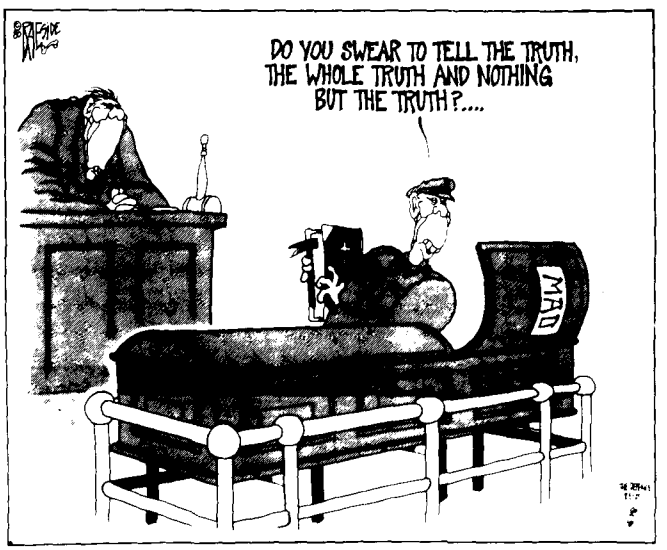
as a eulogist he had me under contract, and, as was Harry's wont, the termination date of those contracts he wrote tended to be vague. Unless you noticed, Harry was unlikely to notice, that at a specified moment in history, you were in fact free. That part of the Constitution that speaks out against involuntary servitude did not make up Harry's bedtime reading. And so, I exercised what little authority I have, in common with Mr. Ira Cohen, to invite others to whom he was personally or professionally close, who gave him such pleasure, to share the burden, which burden is a great joy, because knowing Harry was a great joy. A vexatious joy, to be sure; but such are, finally, the most enduring joys. If Harry had not been, in his own way, difficult, he would certainly not have been Harry; and he would not have passed through our lives with so singular an impact on each one of us—each relationship, somehow, different. No two people knew exactly the same Harry, and although I know how fully he satisfied, in different ways, different people, I would not exchange the combination of qualities I experienced for any other mix. One day, two or three months ago, he told me three times, within a 24-hour period, a witticism he had uttered to Helen, and, finally exasperated, I told him that he had already three times told me his bon mot, to which he replied that three times was insufficient to do justice to it, so deep were its reserves of wit and eloquence. I told him to call Mary McGrory and tell it to her, and he replied that he already had, but come to think of it, he would call her again, and say it again. Harry.

I wrote once, about our first conversation. It was over the telephone, and this proved prophetic, because our relationship was primarily telephonic, and even as such—perhaps because it was such—proved profoundly satisfying. I had physically to go to him when he first learned that his wife, Lillian, would die; had to go to him when he learned that she had died; I had to see him in the hospital bed, during those final days, when we exchanged platitudes, because we knew what we were feeling, and knew that a platitude is a great and noble convention for sparing pain. But, for the most part, it was the telephone, and I suppose if I said we spoke two thousand times, I'd be underestimating the number. In this matter he was however remarkably disciplined. He would speak as long as you wished; but if you said you had to cut off, he would stop instantly: the man of affairs, recognizing other priorities, other obligations. When he called and you were occupied, he would not call again. "I always know you'll call me back," he said to me once; and it is a sadness very nearly disabling to know that I cannot call him back again.




Raeside, *Canada* Rothco

That thought crowded my mind yesterday afternoon, when with Christopher, and Pat, and Marvin Liebman, I poured his ashes into the sea, in front of my house on the Long Island Sound. The wind was northwesterly and bitingly cold, and the tide was falling, so that his remains fell and drifted out into the currents, whence, I do not doubt—like the leaves that rustled in each other's company, from the tall boughs of the two great trees into which the god transformed Philemon and Baucis—I do not doubt that the remains of Harry, and of Lillian, who also elected to be put to sea, will come upon each other; and that a union, consecrated by God, so tragically interrupted in 1973, will resume.

Christopher and I, who believe in life after death, sought diligently not to take sectarian advantage of our role yesterday; but one cannot travel far with the psalmists, without coming upon that hope which sustains the Old and New Testaments alike. So that I found myself reading, as Harry's ashes rested, those final seconds, in the urn, above the sea, *"Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."* And Christopher, as I let fall the ashes into the water, summoned the words spoken over the ages when men are buried at sea. *"Unto almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the deep in sure and certain hope of the resurrection unto eternal life through our Lord. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."*

We bid goodbye to Harry. We promise not to miss our deadlines. We are confident he has not missed his final deadline. **—WFB**



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# The Current WISDOM

## *Rethinking Foreign Aid*

NEAL B. FREEMAN

FOREIGN AID. The very phrase is rhetorically provocative, summoning in the breasts of little old persons in tennis shoes the least charitable, most peremptory of American responses. The classic curbstone formulation has been worn smooth by the passing years: "How can we spend our money on giveaways to [insert here the name of any nation not currently a member of NATO] when we can't even [feed, house, provide medical care for] our own people here at home?" There is ideological tintinnabulation here: direct-mail fund-raisers can dance to the rhythms. But there is little analysis. Plainly, the era of giveaways, if it was ever really with us, is long gone.

Evolving over the generation of the postwar period, American foreign-aid programs have become, with the inevitable and mediagenic exceptions, an overtly self-serving function of the United States Government. In almost every instance, we give aid where we think it will do us some good. We withhold it elsewhere. Men can differ about both ends and means, and in the convoluted case of foreign aid the debate on both levels is without resolution. But nobody seriously contends that our foreign aid program is pursued for reasons purely altruistic. Our friends around the world—that small, hardy, benumbed band—need to know that in the struggle for the future they can look to us for more than a winning Yank smile.

We find ourselves, inconveniently, at the intersection of two self-evident propositions: the first, that we must build a "strong national defense," which requires the (costly) projection of American power to ominous corners of the world; and the second, that we must acknowledge the economic facts of life, which require that we cut the cost of government. In such circumstances, the temptation to nudge "foreign aid" to the top of the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) hit list may prove to be politically irresistible. Two birds—one budgetary, the other ideological—could be struck with a single stone, a bureaucratic twofer. The danger in yielding to such temptation, however, is this: we will soon enough find ourselves in an international crisis, or crises, to which our only available response will be the injection of American troops. (Assuming, of course, the Rapid Deployment Force is ever simultaneously rapid, deployable, and forceful.)

LET'S CONSIDER some concrete examples. Three years ago the Carter Administration struck a deal with Sudan to deliver hardware for air (C-130s) and ground (APCs) transport. Policy analysts in Washington had concluded that such matériel might prove useful in the event of a continental thrust by a hostile nation. And sure enough, in recent days Soviet-armed Libyans virtually enveloped Chad. Were the Sudanese equipped to move boldly to the scene of the crime? Not really. The C-130s and armored personnel carriers haven't been delivered yet. You see, it's illegal for the Pentagon to stockpile military hardware for sale abroad, and what little is available is skimmed by Egypt, Israel, and other "special relationship" buyers. No more secret wars conducted by imperial Presidents, the Congress has righteously proclaimed. (The Soviets take a different view of such matters, of course. According to sources at State, Soviet clients can take delivery on APCs, helicopters, and even fighter aircraft in a matter of weeks, not years.)

The Sudan deal is a particularly dramatic example of the problem. Others are much more mundane but devastating in their cumulative effect on American policy. Over the last decade we have closed a number of intelligence posts abroad, cut back on covert action, and systematically demoralized the operatives who remain in place. A saving? We place our multinational businessmen at competitive disadvantage by shortchanging them on export financing; our own credit terms have run as much as six points behind those offered by the principal European trading nations. Budgetary restraint? Military and police training programs—which have never run up significant costs and have frequently produced effective results—have been cut back. Cost-efficient? Our international radios—Voice of America, Radio Free Europe, and Radio Liberty—have been held in budgetary check while the world hungers for freely transmitted ideas and accurate information. Tough-minded management? Even the "food weapon" is fast disappearing as a policy option.

One can look upon these line items in either of two ways—as a nubile target for the budget-cutter's zeal, or as a national insurance policy providing a range of alternatives to direct intervention by American armed forces. As a test case, look at Africa. Think back to 1975, when it took us two years to deliver a squadron of F-5s to Kenya; or to 1978, when we held up the French drop-in because we couldn't find a legal way to pick up their paratroopers' airfare to Zaire; or to last spring, when we cemented our relationship with the new regime in Liberia by promising them a few dozen trucks, not a single one of which has yet been delivered. Is this a cost-effective way to manage our foreign policy? Is this the way to pick our path through the African nettle unscathed? Is this the way to avoid that dread moment when our options are reduced, finally, to war and surrender?

Our shrinking resource base is in many ways the legacy of Vietnam. We thought ourselves unclean, a people whose very touch would contaminate the international environment. We withdrew from the world to flagellate ourselves for sins of commission, sins of omission, and, most conspicuously, sins of an inflamed imagination. With the passage of time and the coming of Reagan, we seem to have rid ourselves of those neuroses . . . just in time to face an increasingly dangerous world with a much diminished capacity to deal with it. Perhaps the way to begin is by groping toward a new definition, and a new understanding, of foreign aid. □



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THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION

# What Do Conservatives Want?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

"We put bits in the horses' mouths that they may obey us," observed St. James, "and we turn about their whole body. . . . Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things." For years, the Heritage Foundation has been one of Washington's leading conservative tongues, turning out fact sheets, analyses, and reports for the edification of the capital's law- and opinion-makers. In the fall of 1979, Heritage decided to attempt yet a greater thing: a compendium of policy recommendations for the next President. Twenty teams of staff members and outside consultants were marshaled, each team assigned to some branch or activity of the Federal Government.

Eleven months, $100,000, and 250 man-years later, the teams were ready with their conclusions. Ed Meese, then director of Reagan's transition team, told Edwin J. Feulner Jr., president of Heritage, that the Reagan operation "would be relying heavily on it." At 3,082 pages, the Heritage document runs twice as long as *War and Peace*. Tolstoy, of course, was only chronicling the rise and fall of Napoleon. The Heritage Foundation offers an Owner's Manual for the Federal Government.

It is, to be sure, a manual for conservative owners. "The Department of Energy," according to the Energy team (headed by occasional *NR* contributor Milton Copulos), "should be abolished and the programs it currently oversees should be sharply curtailed." Their suggested curtailments would save $2.3 billion—29 per cent of the projected energy budget for Fiscal Year 1981—notwithstanding "increases in some areas of the nuclear program." The Department of Education (DOE) could also be "reduced in size and budget." Heritage advises a conservative DOE to abandon bilingualism, clean out its Office of Civil Rights ("the vocational haven of class-action advocates"), and fund experimental voucher programs for sending children to private schools.

The Treasury team, reflecting the continuing impact of supply-side economics on conservative thought, recommends a new Under Secretary in charge of coordinating tax policy, economic policy, and the IRS. Treasury's new policymakers are counseled to include in this month's Budget Message a simplified capital cost recovery system, a reduction of corporate income-tax rates, and an across-the-board 10 per cent cut in marginal personal income-tax rates.

## *Do Cut, Fold, Spindle*

President Carter early in his term congratulated America on overcoming its inordinate fear of Communism. No President paying heed to the Heritage Foundation would repeat that particular boner. The Defense team recommends, during the first ninety days, a $20-billion defense supplement for FY 1981, specifically directed to improving combat-readiness, personnel training, and the Minuteman ICBM system. For the long term, it urges a new strategic bomber, neutron warheads in Europe, faster deployment of the cruise missile, and military pay increases ("to make up for erosion relative to inflation over the past seven years"). The State Department team meanwhile wants a human rights policy focused on "totalitarian adversaries, not authoritarian friends." The Agriculture team urges "the geopolitical application of our agricultural productivity," while the Commerce team calls for a ninety-day moratorium on exports to the Eastern bloc—a preliminary gesture, introducing a policy of "East-West trade . . . based on political, not economic, grounds."

Heritage's ideal Justice Department would forswear the Ahab-like quest for the Integrated Whale. The President should appoint "a chief of the Civil Rights Division who is willing to 'take the heat' for policy reversals"—curbing the indiscriminate use of mathematical percentages in establishing civil-rights cases, and letting Southern state universities desegregate at their own pace. The changes in a Heritage Interior Department would be just as striking—an end to "zero leasing policies for coal and oil shale"; the opening of "large blocks of the National Petroleum Reserve in Alaska to the private sector"; an "aggressive" search for strategic minerals—for many of which "we are currently 50 per cent or more dependent upon foreign sources." (James Watt, Reagan's nominee for Secretary of the Interior, was one of the principal contributors to this section.)

## *City of Paperphiles*

Time and again, the Heritage reports show shrewdness, boldness, and occasionally even wit. "To attempt to reform domestic spending programs without attacking the premise that political solutions 'of the Left' are solutions 'for the poor' will only subject the public to continued delusion" (this from a proposal to flush the ideologues out of the Community Services Administration); "promoting mass consumption of the arts does not serve the interests of art, but does serve the interests of the arts bureaucracy" (to be inscribed on the lintel at the National Endowment for the Arts); "in an ideal climate it might be nice to abolish the Commodities Futures Trading Commission merely because it is unneeded and accomplishes very little" (a plangent sigh from the team on Regulatory Reform, which concludes regretfully that in an imperfect world, the best one can do is launch an immediate push in the trucking and communications industries).

In a city which lives by paper, the importance of all this cannot be overestimated. Conservatives without programs and information at their fingertips might as well become Carlists or Jacobites. One of the causes of the aimlessness of much of Richard Nixon's first term was precisely the paucity of programmatic advice. In the resulting vacuum, strange ideas flourished (strange anyway for a Republican Administration). The Family Assistance Plan was concocted by two Democratic holdovers who were so dubious of getting a serious hearing that they titled their proposal the Christian Working Man's Anti-Communist National Defense Rivers and Harbors Act of 1969. FAP did ultimately die, but only after futile, infatuated months of support by the Nixon Administration.

Heritage's hard work makes the recurrence of such blunders that much less likely. □



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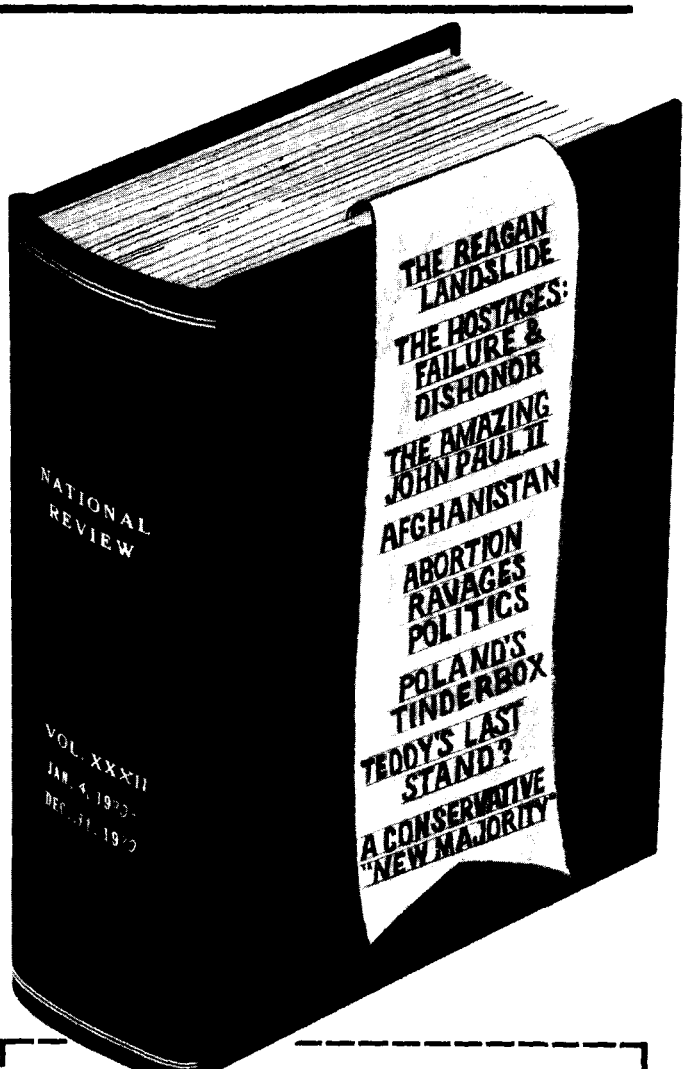


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*In the name of 'protecting us from cancer,' the government has built a regulatory policy based on two misguided assumptions: there is a cancer epidemic, and the 'epidemic' is attributable to man-made carcinogens*

# The Charge of the Cancer Brigade

ELIZABETH M. WHELAN

THE TOPIC of cancer weighs heavily on the regulatory mind. Indeed, federal agencies are now waging an all-out war on the nation's "cancer epidemic." Interagency committees are battling to determine a national policy on chemical carcinogens. Stringent and expensive regulations are being aimed at chemicals in our air, food, and workplaces. War has been declared, but, unfortunately, it's a misdirected war against a misidentified enemy.

The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) have a long history of waging war against allegedly carcinogenic chemicals. The FDA's banning of red dye #2, cyclamates, and the cattle growth-stimulant DES, and the proposed banning of saccharin, were all in the name of "protecting us from cancer." The EPA's banning of the pesticides aldrin, dieldrin, heptachlor, and chlordane, and its frequently reformulated air carcinogen standards, have the same intent. Now, however, we have more agencies and committees in on the act.

In July 1979, the Interagency Regulatory Liaison Group (IRLG) issued a report entitled "Scientific Bases for Identification of Potential Carcinogens and Estimation of Risks." In August, the Toxic Substances Strategy Committee (TSSC) of the Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ) reported to the President on "Cancers and Carcinogens: Prevention Policy." In October, the Regulatory Council issued a "Statement on Regulation of Chemical Carcinogens." In late June 1980, the TSSC issued a second report to the President, including a section on cancer.

The aim of these reports was to establish a uniform federal policy on cancer and specifically on the regulation of man-made carcinogens in the environment. For instance, in the hope that all the agencies which regulate carcinogens would act consistently, the Regulatory Council report attempted to define policies in four major areas of activity: 1) determining whether a chemical may cause cancer, 2) assessing the risk of cancer to humans, 3) establishing regulatory priorities, and 4) undertaking regulatory activities.

The reports also called for stronger federal efforts to protect the public from hazardous chemicals. In particular, the second TSSC report recommended new legislation and other, additional steps to deal with the "growing problem" of toxic chemicals, with special emphasis on carcinogens, in the environment, in the workplace, and in the home.

In the wake of these interagency policy statements, specific new regulations have begun to emerge from various of the alphabet-soup agencies. In October 1979, the EPA issued a proposal to regulate carcinogens emitted into the air from fixed-position sources (i.e., smokestacks but not cars). This policy would require the use of the "best available technology" (not the less expensive "best conventional technology") to reduce these emissions. If the EPA determined that significant risks to public health were still present after this technology had been employed, then further controls, including stopping the industrial process which caused the substances to be released, could be mandated. Translated into economic terms, this means that a company would be required to spend megabucks on extremely high-technology devices for emission control, and if these devices were not effective enough to meet the EPA's standards, the whole plant could be shut down anyway, fancy new equipment and all.

In January 1980, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) issued a proposal for banning or severely restricting "carcinogens" in the workplace. This policy, the strictest of the new measures, would require industries to invest large sums of money to protect their workers from allegedly harmful chemicals.

The most notable feature of the OSHA policy is its emphasis on urgency. In the interest of accelerating the regulation of specific suspect chemicals, OSHA would anticipate major scientific judgments about carcinogens, to reduce the areas for debate. Suspect chemicals would be classified automatically in Category I (requiring that worker exposure be reduced to zero if "suitable substitutes" exist; otherwise, to the "lowest feasible level") if there is *any* evidence that they cause cancer in humans, or if there are positive results from a *single* long-term animal test, supported by any evidence from short-term tests.

If both positive and negative animal tests exist, in different species, the negative results would be disregarded. Differences between benign and malignant tumors would be ignored. No distinction would be made between substances that initiate cancer and those that promote existing cancers. Positive animal tests would be considered valid even if the doses of chemicals used were so high that most of the animals died

*Dr. Whelan is executive director of the American Council on Science and Health.*



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of acute poisoning. Clearly OSHA considers the need for *immediate* regulation of workplace carcinogens to be so great that it would ignore major scientific disagreement.

The proliferation of these government proposals and their desperate sense of urgency imply that the government is building a major regulatory policy on two basic assumptions: first, that there is a cancer epidemic in the U.S.; and second, that this alarming development is related to the presence of man-made carcinogens—food additives, pesticides, air pollutants, workplace hazards—in our environment. An examination of these assumptions is in order.

The news media frequently refer to our nation's "cancer epidemic." Fortunately, the idea that we are experiencing an epidemic of cancer is a misconception. While it is true that cancer deaths were less common in the early years of this century, life expectancy was limited then, and cancer is primarily a disease of older adults. In the good old days, most people died of communicable diseases before cancer had a chance to strike. When statistics are age-adjusted (to take into account the growing proportion of older Americans) the combined incidence rate for all cancer sites in both sexes actually *decreased* 3.9 per cent between 1947 and 1971.

More recent, unpublished data indicate that there was a 1.3 per cent average annual increase of all types of cancer between 1969 and 1976. However, the largest portion of this increase is explained by a rise in lung cancer in women, primarily attributable to cigarette smoking. (Smoking became popular among women long after men took up the habit, and the effects of cigarettes on women are only now showing up in the incidence rates of lung cancer.) If lung-cancer deaths are eliminated from the calculation, then the combined death rate from cancer at all other sites combined remains relatively stable or is slightly declining. Moreover, even if one does include the figures for lung cancer, the age-adjusted death rate from cancer in the U.S. increased from 125 per 100,000 in 1950 to 132 per 100,000 in 1976. It strains credibility to describe this as an epidemic.

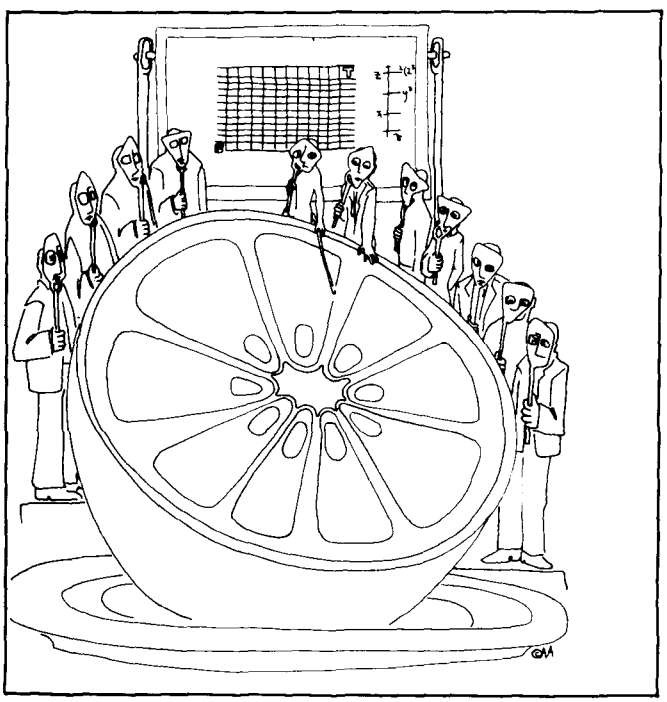
The current regulatory proposals imply (and sometimes explicitly state) that the overwhelming majority of cancers in the U.S. are environmentally caused. The EPA stated that "although the uncertainties are great, estimates . . . have suggested that 60 to 90 per cent of all cancers may be due to environmental factors." EPA administrator and Regulatory Council chairman Douglas M. Costle, when releasing the latter group's report, said: "We must significantly reduce our exposure to environmental causes of cancer that may account for 60 to 90 per cent of the incidence of this disease."

The problem here is with the word "environment." To many non-scientists, and apparently to some government agencies, environment is a synonym for synthetic chemicals. But to scientists, environment is a much broader term, referring to everything except heredity and the body's own biochemistry. The 60 per cent figure quoted above was derived from the work of Dr. John Higginson, founding director of the World Health Organization's International Agency for Research on Cancer. During the 1950s, Dr. Higginson compared the incidence of certain tumors in black Africans and black Americans and concluded that about two-thirds of all cancers had an environmental cause. However, as Dr. Higginson has been forced to clarify repeatedly, he was using the term environment in the broad scientific sense, not in the more limited way in which it is used by the layman. Such factors as cigarette smoking, diet, exposure to sunlight, drugs, viruses, radioactivity, sexual habits, and reproductive patterns are all part of the "environment."

But when references to environmental cancer are included in government proposals, they frequently do not acknowledge that environment includes many voluntary factors. Instead, they imply that environment means a smorgasbord of involuntarily imposed carcinogenic chemicals in our food, air, and workplaces. Such a link between chemicals and cancer suits the needs of the agencies because it indicates a fertile field for the type of regulations they are prepared to impose. But the link is not fully consistent with the facts.

While frequently the target of regulation, food additives, when consumed in the amounts normally added to food, have never been shown to cause cancer or any other illness in human beings. Indeed, there is suggestive laboratory and epidemiologic evidence that the use of some additives, specifically the antioxidants BHA and BHT, has contributed to the dramatic decline in stomach cancer in this country over the past four decades. Likewise, although pesticides in concentrated form are certainly toxic (after all, their purpose is to kill the insects and other pests with whom we compete for our food supply), there isn't a single documented case of cancer or any other human illness caused by the minute pesticide residues present on foods.

Air pollution is certainly undesirable, and it may play a role in diseases such as bronchitis and asthma. But again, to our knowledge, general air pollution does not cause lung cancer or any other form of cancer. A recent report on a twenty-year study conducted by the American Cancer Society concluded that "Air pollution was not found to be a great culprit in causing lung cancer. General air pollution had little effect in a comparison [of cancer rates] between





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urban and rural people. Smoking is the key factor [in lung cancer]."

It has been known for centuries that long-term high-dose exposure to some occupational substances can lead to human cancer. In the eighteenth century Percivall Pott noted, in what is considered a classic report, that chimney sweeps had an unusually high rate of scrotal cancer. We now know that these boys were in regular contact with benzo(a)pyrene and related carcinogens, and that poor hygiene, which was the norm, contributed to the intensity of the exposure.

In modern times, cancers have been caused by high-dose occupational exposures to asbestos, vinyl chloride, and several other substances. Through the 1960s and 1970s, both industry and government have become increasingly aware of this type of hazard, and steps have been taken to reduce the exposure of workers to known carcinogens. Techniques for assessing the potential hazards presented by new chemicals introduced into commerce have also been developed, and with a continuing awareness of the potential dangers of high-dose exposures in the workplace, the hazards presented by new chemicals will also be controlled.

FORTUNATELY, the total number of occupationally induced cancers is generally agreed to be relatively small. The estimate accepted by many authorities, including WHO's International Agency for Research on Cancer, is that occupational exposures account for 1 to 5 per cent of all cancer deaths. In many cases, the current victims were exposed to workplace carcinogens several decades ago, when worker-protection practices were often sloppy, and when many hazards were unrecognized. With the improved safety standards of the last two decades, and with our current ability to identify hazardous new chemicals before workers are exposed to them, there is every reason to hope that the rate of occupationally induced cancer will decline.

However, the general agreement that the incidence of occupational cancer is relatively low and probably decreasing was shaken by a statistical bombshell from Washington. In a 1978 speech to the AFL-CIO National Conference on Occupational Safety and Health, then-Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Joseph Califano announced: "If the full consequences of occupational exposure in the present and recent past are taken into account, estimates of the [total contribution of occupational exposures may be] at least 20 per cent. This means that at least 20 per cent of all cancer in the U.S.—and perhaps more—may be work-related." Subsequent press coverage focused on the Secretary's phrase "and perhaps more" and implied that the figure might be more like 40 per cent.

Where did Secretary Califano get his numbers? His figures, which have since shown up in almost every federal document dealing with cancer and the environment, come from an unreviewed, unpublished paper entitled "Estimates of the Fraction of Cancer in the United States Related to Occupational Factors." Nine scientists, with substantial credentials, evidently contributed in some fashion to the "estimates paper," but no one has publicly admitted authorship.

This paper has been the focus of widespread professional criticism and scorn. It was heavily criticized at a conference on "Cancer Prevention—Quantitative Aspects" shortly after Secretary Califano's announcement. There, Dr. John Cairns, Director of the Mill Hill Laboratory of Cancer Research in London, said, "There are several parts of it which seem to be manifestly silly, and anyone who could sit down and do calculations could see how stupid it is." The distinguished epidemiologist Sir Richard Doll flatly stated: "I regard it as nonsense." In an editorial in *Nature*, Dr. Richard Peto of Oxford University said that "The document was based on the flimsiest of arguments, and reached conclusions which are grossly at variance with easily accessible data . . . a group of reasonable men can unfortunately collectively generate an unreasonable report." An editorial in the prestigious medical journal *Lancet* said that "its framework is insubstantial, remarkably so," and concluded, with admirable British courtesy, that "It is sad to see such a fragile report under such distinguished names."

The "estimates paper" is used as a major justification for the new, remarkably inflexible OSHA proposal for the regulation of workplace carcinogens. Although the hazard of occupational cancer is and will continue to be of real concern, this and other OSHA actions have tended toward excess.

OSHA's recent attempt to lower the permissible concentration of benzene in factory air from ten parts per million to one part per million is another example of this agency's overzealous regulation. In this case, the Supreme Court overruled OSHA, because the agency did not justify the new standard well enough. The Justices wanted OSHA to show that the existing standard involved significant risks, and that the new standard would reduce these risks. Without such evidence, OSHA might be forcing enormous expenditures to eliminate insignificant hazards.

No one will win the regulatory war on cancer. Strenuous new regulation of chemicals in our food, air, and general environment will not conquer cancer, because it will not eliminate any major risk factors. Judicious regulation of workplace chemicals is necessary, but regulatory overkill of occupational cancer hazards will accomplish little. The known cancer risk factors are primarily voluntary practices, such as cigarette smoking, which cannot be controlled by regulation; and the causes of many cancers are unknown. Funds intended for "cancer prevention" might be better spent on education of the public about voluntary risks than on excessive regulation. They would certainly be better spent on research. Our understanding of this disease and its causes is far from complete. Many brilliant, promising avenues of research are being pursued and are in need of funds. The current and exciting work on interferon as a possible means of treating some forms of cancer is merely one example.

But if the regulators continue their misguided war on cancer, there will be many casualties. Businessmen will face higher costs, fewer jobs, and limited production: all as results of the new regulatory policies. The consumer will face higher prices, tax increases, and fewer products—a diminished standard of living and no new health benefits. Scientists will also suffer if funds and priorities are diverted away from the research lab and into regulation. Perhaps the most important result will be the perpetuation of a major misunderstanding if the outpouring of regulations gives the false impression that cancer is being conquered through prevention. We should not develop a sense of security when we are merely bombing the wrong targets. Cancer is not an epidemic, but it is an important health problem in the United States. If we're going to have a war against cancer, we should use tactics that will enable us to win. □



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OVER AND OUT

# The Refugee Helpers

LENNART FRANTZELL

VERY EARLY on the morning of April 1, 1978, a camouflaged sports plane took off from the airport at Immola in southeastern Finland. It flew north across a desolate snow-covered landscape, with the Soviet border visible a few miles off to its right. A brief refueling stop at the little village of Ruokolahti on the shore of Lake Karinkijarvi and the plane was off again. When out of view from the village, it turned sharply eastward, dropped to tree-top level, and picked up speed. It was across the Soviet border in a matter of minutes, past the heavily fortified border zone and a string of radar stations. Undetected, it continued eastward for another six miles, and landed nine miles northwest of the Soviet town Kexholm, on a small lake. The man at the controls was a Swede, Karl-Goran Wickenberg. He was flying to Kexholm, risking an international incident, to meet a woman.

In 1974 Valentin Agapov had defected to Sweden from the Soviet Union. In the four intervening years his attempts to get his family out of the USSR had attracted nationwide attention in Sweden. The Soviet government, however, had rejected the Swedish government's timid appeals. All legal means exhausted, Agapov contacted Wickenberg.

His wife, Ludmilla Agapova, along with her daughter and her mother, had left Kaliningrad and gone by train via Moscow and Leningrad to Kexholm. Bluffing their way into the forbidden border area, they just missed the bus that was to take them to the lake where Wickenberg waited. Able to remain on the ground only briefly, Wickenberg returned to Finland empty-handed.

The pilot was no stranger to Eastern Europe. Nor is he the only person to have risked freedom, if not life, to help citizen captives flee from the East.

*Mr. Frantzell is a freelance writer who specializes in Russian and Chinese affairs.*

Barry Meeker, of Hartford, Connecticut, was discharged from the U.S. Army in 1970 with the rank of captain. Putting his skills as a flier to practical use, he worked as a free-lance helicopter pilot in West Germany. In three tree-top-level flights into Czechoslovakia, he managed to bring out 11 refugees, the last time in a hail of bullets from a Czech ambush.

As pressure to leave the East has increased, organizations devoted exclusively to helping prople flee have sprung up in West Germany and Switzerland. Groups like the Loeffler, Wordel, Schutz, Dawid, Bley, and Pudelski organizations now account for maybe 40 per cent of all escapes to the West.

THE TECHNIQUES of escape and detection have evolved over the years. In the Sixties one installed hiding places in the trunks of cars, or, if one was a technical expert like Hasso Herschel, invented a miniature car engine, leaving space under the hood for a refugee. If one was a geology student like Eckhardt Casser from Westphalia, one built tunnels; Casser worked on most of the famous tunnels, including one through which 57 people escaped. At a time when large numbers of U.S. Army personnel passed unchecked in and out of East Berlin, one could, like Albert Schutz, dress refugees up in American uniforms.

In the Seventies, however, advancing technology made direct smuggling increasingly difficult. The East German secret police are now armed with scanners which can detect people hidden in vehicles. As the number of people caught has climbed—in 1975 there were 339 helpers in jail in East Germany—the refugee-helpers have moved to take advantage of the relatively free travel allowed East Europeans within the Communist bloc.

Today an East German family intent on escape will go to Rumania on vacation. Through previous contacts the family is met by a helper with false West German passports. Accompanied by the helper, the family flies to Prague or Warsaw, switches planes, and then heads west. This can, however, be expensive: the professionals, some of whom maintain large organizations, often charge $10,000 to $12,000. Rainer Schubert was one of the refugee-helpers working for the Aramco AG company in Switzerland, headed by Hans Lenzlinger. To help Schubert there were 15 drivers, scouts, and couriers. That means high overhead, but increased performance. The Schubert group alone brought out 130 refugees in three years.

However, the East German secret police, the Staatssicherheitsdienst (SSD), has not been idle. As detailed in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, it has organized a special department working exclusively to infiltrate the refugee-helpers' organizations. Siegfried Kluger, a member of the SSD, was apprehended, but only after he had betrayed eight refugees.

And yet the refugees keep coming. Since the building of the Wall in 1961, over 170,000 have come over illegally from East Germany alone. Thousands of others have come from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, and the USSR. In addition, large numbers of refugees have been bought free by the West German government.

Why do West European young men and women repeatedly risk prison sentences ranging from five to 15 years in attempting to outwit the KGB and the SSD and help people flee from the East? Family ties, friendship, love, and a healthy dose of idealism seem to be the primary motives. Wickenberg was deeply touched by the Agapov case, and offered his services gratis when everything else had failed. Eckhardt Casser took time off from school, missed three terms, and never charged a cent for his help.

FOOTNOTE: Sometime between 8:05 and 9:40 A.M. on Monday, February 5, 1979, one or more persons walked up to 116 Ackersteinstrasse in Hongg, a western suburb of Zurich. The well-protected building housed the headquarters of the most successful refugee-helper organization in the West, Hans-Ulrich Lenzlinger's Aramco AG. Swiss police don't know how the attackers entered, but they do know that they came into the reception room on the first floor, that they found Lenzlinger alone in it, and that they shot him dead. □



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LETTER FROM LONDON

*With the selection of Michael Foot, hard-line socialists are firmly in control of Britain's Labor Party. They are now at work on 'reforms' that, if successful, could give Britain a government unlike any in Western Europe*

# Rudder Hard Left

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"UNMITIGATED folly," said the London *Times*. "Mr. Foot's election as leader of the Labor Party is a terrible mistake for the Labor Party." That, for non-socialists, is the optimistic way to look at it.

Michael Foot's election was undoubtedly a surprise. He is an old-fashioned, and indeed elderly, left-wing intellectual, rumpled, with wild white hair, a talker and violent speech-maker rather than an administrator. His main rival for the leadership, Denis Healey, appeared a much more capable and attractive figure, with wider experience in government and a relatively moderate political stance. All the polls had shown that he was overwhelmingly the favorite.

Mr. Foot, however, was the candidate of the hard Left, which is visibly and rapidly taking over the management of the Labor Party at every level. Most Labor Members of Parliament do not yet belong to the hard Left (replacing them takes time) and might have been expected to prefer Mr. Healey. Only the MPs had a vote on this occasion (that's being changed too): but the waverers opted for a quiet life, telling themselves that Mr. Foot would be better able than Mr. Healey to unite the party.

Others came under heavy pressure from their local party organizations, which tend to be dominated by the Left. If they voted the wrong way—that is, for Mr. Healey—the clear threat was that they would be sacked in the new compulsory reselection process which the Left has introduced in order to keep Labor MPs in line. A few are even said to have voted for Mr. Foot in order to bring what's happening to the party into the open and, they hope, force a realignment in British politics.

The true leader of the hard Left, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, chose not to run this time. "Mr. Foot is today's man," said one left-winger. "Tony Benn is tomorrow's." Mr. Foot's election was followed by the picking of a carefully balanced shadow cabinet of parliamentary spokesmen. The right-wingers, with one petulant exception, obediently assumed their allotted roles. The left-wingers were quite content with the balance; they have no wish to scare the electorate.

These and various related maneuvers may have seemed to an outsider (as one newspaper editorial put it) like the comings and goings of a rather tedious bedroom farce. But their significance for Britain's future, and the implications for Britain's allies, are by no means trivial. Arguably, this fight for the soul of the Labor Party (if it can still be considered a fight) is more important than any immediate political or economic issue. "The far Left," wrote one defector from the party, is "gambling that enough traditional Labor voters will not recognize what has happened until this country's free and democratic institutions are irreversibly transformed and our liberties are as irretrievably lost as are the liberties of people in all existing Marxist societies."

Although Michael Foot's own attitudes, with regard both to domestic and to international affairs, seem oddly frozen in the political mood of the 1930s, he can justly claim to represent, much more closely than Mr. Healey or Harold Wilson or James Callaghan, the current views of Labor Party activists, if not of Labor voters in general.

HE BELIEVES in unilateral nuclear disarmament. If American cruise missiles were stationed in Britain when he became Prime Minister, he would presumably want them removed. He dislikes the European Common Market, and would like to get Britain out. He approves of nationalization and public spending and high taxation. He sentimentalizes the working class, just as he sentimentalized the Russians as allies during the war. As a Minister in the last Labor government he sought, and as leader of the party he will seek again, to give the unions more power and to pursue economic policies which please them.

Although he considers himself a libertarian, what this turns out to mean is that he will be tolerant on social issues such as cannabis-smoking and will defend the rights of the unions: but any possible contradiction between socialism and liberty quite escapes him.

Such a man is very well suited to the Marxists' purpose. The so-called "moderate" Labor MPs have at last, very late in the day, probably too late, begun to make noises not so much of unease or even anger as of despair. They are dithering about whether to accept minor posts under Mr. Foot or whether, or when, to resign from the Labor Party. Several of them have said, publicly or privately, that the moment of decision will come if the next election manifesto contains policies which they cannot accept.

They have not been brave. They have swallowed so much

*Mr. Lejeune is* NR*'s British correspondent.*



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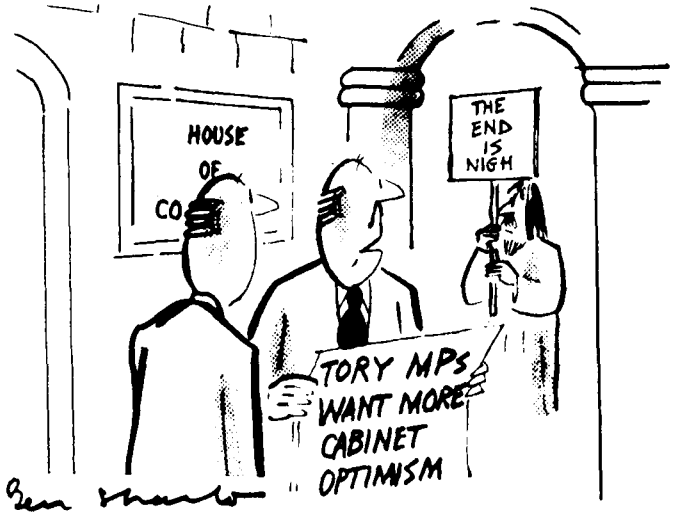
in the past that it is difficult for them to make a stand now. Most, when the time comes, will compromise again. The few who have stronger principles or a weaker stomach have little to lose anyway; the Left will pick them off either through the reselection process or merely by excluding them from all positions of influence in the party.

From the press and from some Conservatives they receive perhaps more sympathy than they deserve. Their "moderation" is only relative. They express their concern for democracy but hardly ever mention liberty. The best known and most popular of them, Mrs. Shirley Williams (who lost her parliamentary seat at the last election and says she will not run again in present circumstances), wrote the other day that "reluctantly" she thought private education should be made illegal, because it was socially divisive. On such matters she is distinguished from Mr. Foot only by her "reluctance." The things which worry her are the policy of withdrawal from Europe and the procedural changes which the Left is determined to impose on the Labor Party and, through the Labor Party, on the structure of parliamentary government itself.

These changes are certainly a proper subject for alarm. They would give control of policy, of parliamentary candidates, and ultimately of a Labor cabinet to the party's militant core: and, by abolishing the House of Lords (and not replacing it with any other kind of second chamber), would give a Labor majority in the House of Commons absolute power. The goal is centralized party dictatorship on East European lines.

The moves toward it are too gradual and technical, however, and too remote from the everyday concerns of ordinary people, for the moderates or right-wingers or social democrats ("democratic socialists" is actually the name they prefer) easily to communicate their alarm.

Still less can they appeal to the electorate over Europe. Britain's membership in the Common Market is now extremely unpopular. People believe (on the whole correctly) that the price of food has been increased by the Common Agricultural Policy, which, in order to protect inefficient French farmers, creates unsalable mountains of butter and beef. They also deeply resent having been gratuitously entangled in another, and alien, web of bureaucratic regulations.




Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

**"Must be a government spokesman."**

Mrs. Williams and any of her colleagues who might be prepared to take the plunge are nevertheless being urged to form some kind of Center-Left party, perhaps in association with the Liberals, possibly (though Mrs. Williams herself says she would have none of it) in company with anti-Thatcherite Conservatives, and probably with the help of Roy Jenkins, the retiring president of the European Commission, who is a former Labor Minister.

The implications of the Labor Party's leftward surge are, of course, alarming to Conservatives as well. Mr. Foot's leadership, they consider, may diminish Labor's chance of winning the next election but opens a more horrifying prospect if Labor does win.

The present Government still has about three years to go: and the election will then be determined, not by constitutional worries or the dangers of unilateral disarmament or the warnings of Shirley Williams and her friends (though they might split the Labor vote), but by whether unemployment has started to fall, whether the current acute recession has ended, whether people are by then feeling better off and more optimistic than they are now.

INFLATION is coming down: but the business community, squeezed by the high interest rates which excessive government borrowing has caused and by an overvalued pound, is clamoring for Mrs. Thatcher to relax her monetary policy—even though that would mean deliberately stimulating inflation again. The left wing of the Conservative Party is wriggling uneasily. The right wing is appalled to learn that, in spite of all the anguish over allegedly savage cuts in public expenditure, the Government is actually spending a higher proportion of the national income than ever. And the tax burden is being increased rather than reduced.

The Government says that 50 per cent of its overspending is attributable to world recession (which has diminished production and therefore tax revenue, while adding to the number of welfare claimants): but this means that the other 50 per cent was, at least theoretically, within its own control. One of Mrs. Thatcher's senior economic Ministers has admitted that the first year in office was "wasted." Some of his colleagues, mainly those inherited from previous Conservative administrations, have never truly had their hearts in the budget-cutting exercise. They still boast, not of the cuts they have achieved, but of their success in defending, or even expanding, their departmental budgets. Already, only a third of the way into this Government's life, it is being said that any further cuts would require, morally and politically, a fresh electoral mandate.

There is a clear message here for Ronald Reagan, whose program so closely resembles that with which Mrs. Thatcher came to Downing Street. If he is to accomplish at least a reasonable part of what he has promised, he will need stern resolution and genuinely like-minded colleagues, and he can afford to waste no time at all. It is always later than newly elected Presidents and Prime Ministers think. But however much or little Mr. Reagan manages to achieve, America enjoys one most enviable advantage. No likely political consequence is half as frightening as the prospect now before Britain if Mrs. Thatcher's administration fails. □



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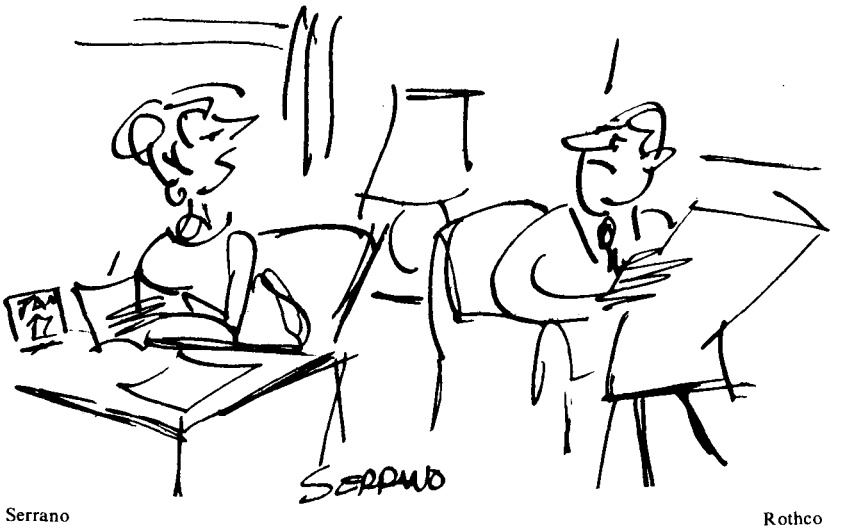
# helo !!!!

## Fuming

"No Smoking" in the elevator
Or in any public room,
So I discard my cigarette,
And simply stand and fume.

DON GASTWIRTH




Serrano

*"Besides your liberal tendencies, George, what else are you going to give up this year?"*

Rothco

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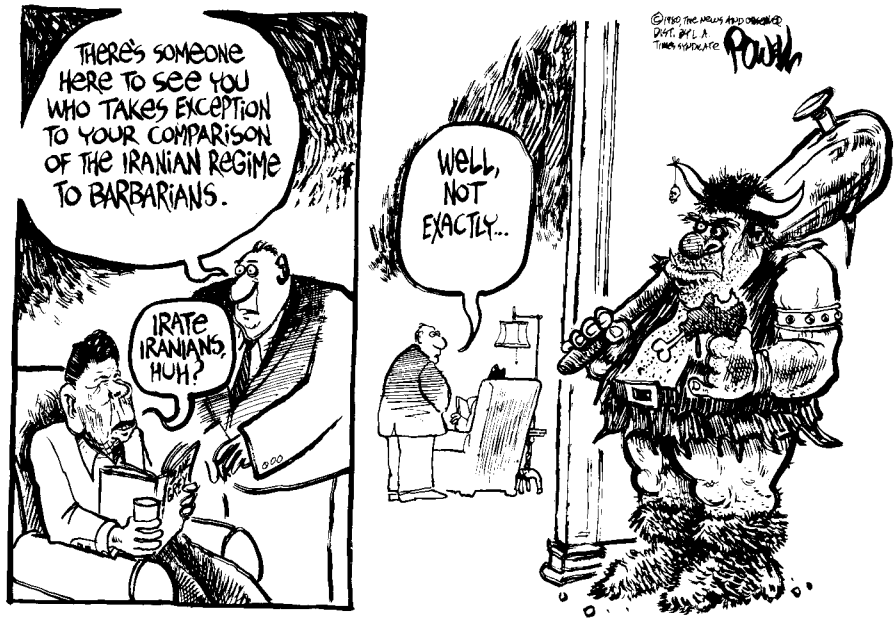
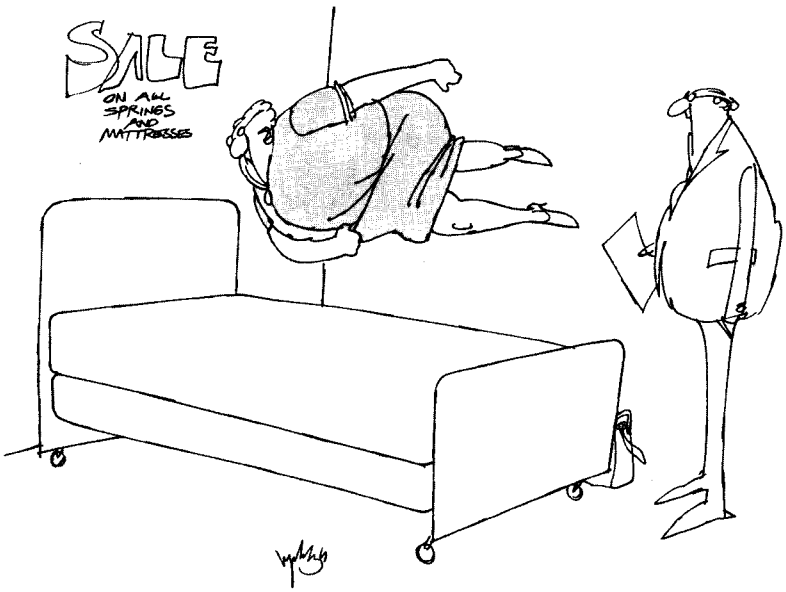

THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU WHO TAKES EXCEPTION TO YOUR COMPARISON OF THE IRANIAN REGIME TO BARBARIANS.
IRATE IRANIANS, HUH?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY...
POWELL

Breeze, *Punch*

*"I don't like the way this World War Three hysteria's taking hold, Melgrove."*

Rothco

*"No. We're Artificial Insemination. Abortion is on the third floor."*




*"Madam, you're buying a mattress, not a trampoline."*



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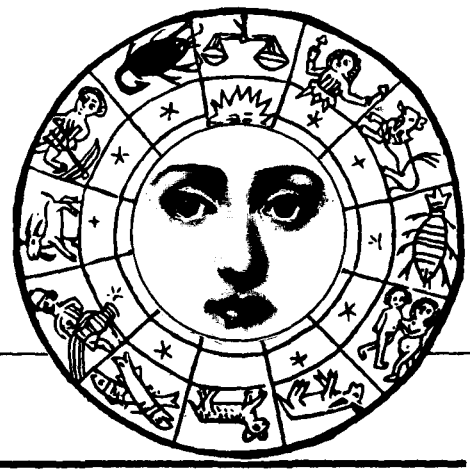
THE PERMISSIVE STATE

# Is Life a Spectator Sport?



JAMES HITCHCOCK

CONVENTIONAL POLITICAL wisdom in the 1970s held that the majority of Americans were liberal on economic issues, in general supporting the welfare state, while remaining conservative on what are called the "social" issues, encompassing sensitive areas of personal morality like sex and drugs.

The seeming contradiction is not at all mysterious. In most societies the majority of people are essentially traditional in their beliefs, and the general concept of the welfare state is now traditional, deeply imbedded in our politics for well over forty years. Until the 1960s, it would not have occurred to many that there was any inconsistency in being both economically liberal and socially conservative. Such a combination precisely defined the working-class backbone of the New Deal coalition that lasted until the student radicals of the 1960s began to call for a cultural revolution.

As late as 1972 Senator McGovern believed he was being slandered by being tagged with the trinity of "acid, amnesty, and abortion," and took pains to try to dissociate himself from it. That exercise seems almost quaint now, in the 1980s, when amnesty is largely a dead issue, abortion enjoys a privileged legal status, and many conservatives favor the "decriminalization" of marijuana. For, while the welfare state appears to have been stalled, there has occurred over the last decade an unprecedented extension of the socially and legally permissible limits of personal behavior.

The first half of this phenomenon—the reassessment of the long-entrenched welfare state—has been extensively discussed. The latter half—the growing liberalism in the field of personal behavior even as many people express alarm at the perceived deterioration of morals and moral authority—has received much less attention.

Even the phrase "personal behavior" is misleading. The day is past, possibly forever, when purely personal behavior —that is, behavior which is intended to be wholly private— attracts much public concern. And those who advocate liberalized standards of personal conduct are precisely those with a stake in ensuring that it does not remain private. What they are seeking is some form of public and official approval.

The spokesmen for sexual liberation still rely heavily on the notion of privacy. "What people do in the bedroom is no one else's business," they say. But if it were really so simple there would be no argument. The existence of organized movements for sexual freedom demonstrates that the subject has advanced far beyond the question of a right to privacy.

The question centers rather on three closely related factors, all involving government—money, social approval, and education. It is in these three areas that the supposedly conservative 1970s witnessed a social revolution unprecedented in American history.

The most basic of human relationships—between parents and children, husbands and wives, all men and all women, human beings and their physical environment—are being subjected to radical questioning and reassessment. New moral attitudes, often diametrically opposed to those commonly held twenty years ago, now permeate almost all forms of public discourse. Psychological skills are being applied to a task no less ambitious than that of wholly redefining human nature and enabling people to discover, for the first time, who they "really" are. Meanwhile, those traditional seats of authority which might be expected to provide resistance to these trends, especially the family and organized religion, either have made their peace with this "new morality" or have lapsed into demoralized impotence.

Social approval may seem at first to have little connection with public policy. However, moral values have a way of being defined politically—many people take their moral cues from government policy and cannot conceive that what is legal may nonetheless be immoral. The moral beliefs and actions of public figures also serve as cues. (Thus the revelation of the extramarital adventures of the Kennedys probably does less to diminish public respect for them than to make marital fidelity itself seem less important.) Those who speak most passionately about the right to privacy are often those who understand very well that the political arena is the most efficient place for transforming popular beliefs.

In a welfare state, no particular use of public money is precluded in principle, and none is beyond the realm of possibility. Politics is to a great extent a struggle over how the money will be distributed. Thus it is never sufficient to say merely that the law permits certain kinds of private behavior. It becomes necessary to decide whether the government will pay for abortions, whether it will distribute contraceptive devices, whether it will provide legal assistance to homosexuals who claim to have been discriminated against, whether it will mandate "affirmative action" programs in their favor.

*Mr. Hitchcock is a professor of history at St. Louis University. His books include* The Decline and Fall of Radical Catholicism *and* Catholicism and Modernity.



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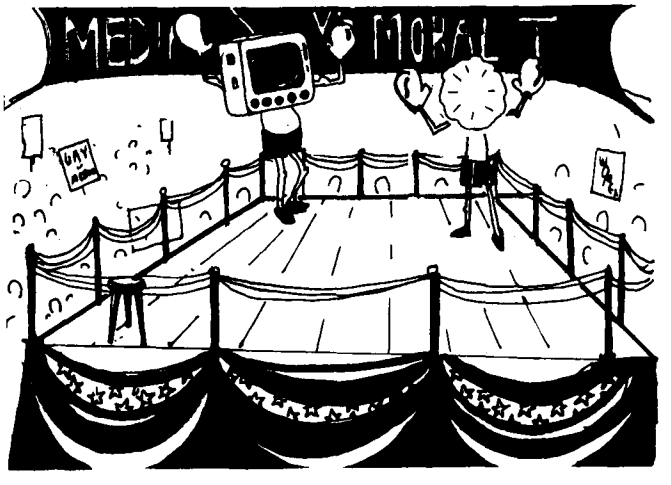
Education is the most sensitive area of all, even more sensitive and potentially explosive than money. Shall there be sex-education programs in the schools, and what values shall they embody? (Such programs are never neutral or merely technical.) Should schools employ teachers or use textbooks that parents find morally objectionable? Is it permissible for schools to reflect the religious values of their communities?

Despite the supposed social conservatism of the times, liberal values triumphed in all these areas of conflict during the last decade, and the momentum clearly lies with those who look upon public policy as a legitimate and necessary way of extending the moral boundaries of an already permissive society. Despite occasional defeats (for example, in local referenda on homosexual rights), the moral avant-garde now sees the fulfillment of its most extravagant hopes as realistically attainable. What accounts for the apparent political impotence of the "silent majority"?

Although the basic conflict is often defined as between "intellectuals" and non-intellectuals, this very denomination is part of the strategy of the avant-garde, implying that reason is on their side, that their opponents are governed by emotion and even hysteria. But in fact, it is articulateness, something obviously related to intelligence but not identical with it and often subversive of genuine rationality, that is really relevant here. In a fragmented and at least formally democratic society dependent on the mass media, an enormous advantage accrues to those able to define the questions, to set the terms of discourse. In such contests the defenders of traditional values more often than not appear slow-witted, stumbling, and defensive. They have lost the battle almost before it begins, because they are reduced to responding to the initiatives of others.

In part the very nature of the media makes this inevitable. Their whole existence is predicated on the purveyance of "news," which gives an automatic advantage to spokesmen for any unfamiliar, and especially any iconoclastic, position. Furthermore, the journalistic profession seems overwhelmingly to attract people who want to think of themselves as advanced and enlightened. Finally, the media automatically focus on the short range. They bring the light of publicity to bear, in a particularly dramatic way, on immediate problems and questions, especially those susceptible of bipolar simplification. They seldom raise long-term questions, much less deal with them.




Given the media's importance in forming public opinion, and the corresponding decline in influence of the church and the family, even many moral traditionalists find themselves living in a mental world which has been heavily saturated by the very ideas and modes of thinking to which they feel instinctive aversion. On the assumptions of such a world, their own convictions are mere prejudices. They often cannot explain why they feel as they do, and are consequently at the mercy of anyone more articulate than they.

The virtues of the traditionalists are also their vices. The classic defense of traditionalism holds that, while good and sufficient reasons can be adduced for most traditions, it is precisely of the nature of tradition not to require philosophical defense, except in extreme situations. A traditional way of life is one which takes its practical authority from custom itself, from the instinctive sense of the rightness of things which a genuinely traditional community inculcates in its members. The tree can grow because its roots are not being constantly yanked out of the ground for examination. Members of the community can live its values in a deep and authentic way because they do not agonize over whether those values are right.

But this settled way of life is, because of the very conditions which make it possible, highly vulnerable to attack. Skepticism, whatever else it is, is always a corrosive. It can dissolve existing bonds with relative ease, even when it is powerless to create new ones. The simple question, "Why not?" often reduces traditionalists to uneasy silence. They are the ready-made victims of predatory intellectuals and of the media, which prefer to allow traditional ideas to be defended by visibly nervous, tongue-tied, seemingly stupid people. If objections to a novel position (for example, homosexuality as merely an "alternative lifestyle") cannot be easily stated and concretely demonstrated, then it is assumed that mere prejudice governs the objectors.

Although economic and political conservatism has its abstract thinkers and its articulate spokesmen, social conservatives have been by and large much less well equipped. They are dependent on stray scraps of philosophy and have virtually no leaders, inside or outside politics, who are able to engage the enemy on its own ground. (Powerful as the Moral Majority may have been in the last election, for example, it was not arguing in such a way as to convince anyone who did not already agree with it.)

Although they are frequently linked together, political and economic conservatism on the one hand and moral conservatism on the other are quite different things and have different modes of operation in the public realm. A certain attitude of vigilance, even aggressiveness, is built into the philosophies of political conservatives, who predicate either liberty or order as their desired goal, and of economic conservatives, who accord property that status. Both of these types of conservatives regard those ultimate values as things which need to be won and, having been won, constantly defended and even enlarged. Political and economic conservatives almost instinctively conceive of life as a battle, and of things of value as things precariously held. (Thus the paradox of political conservatives who mistrust strong central government yet support a large military establishment.)

Moral conservatism, which can perhaps be defined as a vision of society resting on the sanctity of the family (usu-



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ally, but not always, with religious roots), seeks to preserve a world of settled and stable social relations, clearly defined moral duties, and privacy. While not antithetical to politics, it is often indifferent to politics, in the sense that it regards life as most meaningful in its private (especially familial) aspects, and politics as a distraction from what is really important.

Apart from ideology, the camps of those who are liberal and those who are conservative on "social issues" are separated by their attitude toward politics itself. Since the Kennedy campaign of 1960 a conspicuous segment of the population—generally fairly young, educated, and affluent—has found in political activity the elusive sense of personal fulfillment which modern Americans have come to believe is their birthright. Such a sense transcends specific political goals. It has rather been the excitement of politics itself, especially where a glamorous candidate is concerned, that has been the essence of the experience. Often particular issues seem to be formulated as an afterthought, to give image-politics an image of substance.

Morally conservative people tend to be unenthusiastic about and even suspicious of a political style which seems appropriate to those whose lives are geared to fashion and movement and who promise continually accelerating social change. Just as they are inarticulate and at a disadvantage vis-à-vis the media, social conservatives often concede the political realm to their opponents before the struggle has even begun.

Oscar Wilde said the most cogent objection to socialism was that it consumed too many evenings; moral conservatives would agree with him. Those who become "political activists" are those who need a sense of excitement and movement in their lives. Attending meetings, serving on committees, drafting manifestos, making speeches, lobbying politicians, even filling envelopes and licking stamps are felt to be meaningful actions. Whatever philosophical convictions they may or may not hold, people attracted to such activity are almost automatically disposed toward further social change, if only because it sustains the sense of movement which they crave and provides justification for continued activity.

But social conservatism prefers a life that is settled, stable, placid, private. Looking at the liberal activists, moral traditionalists see people who, even apart from their dubious ideas, seem frenetic, willing to give up too large a part of their private selves to the demands of public activity. Conversely, the activists perceive the traditionalists' way of life as boring and trivial. (Before the late 1960s the media tended to glorify domestic tranquillity. In television comedies, for example, only minor crises were introduced, just sufficient to sustain mildly dramatic plots. Now domestic stodginess is ridiculed, and television focuses on those previously regarded as being on the margins of society—divorced persons, homosexuals, drug-users, unmarried parents, etc.)

Lionel Trilling once wrote that conservatism generally lacks real thought and substitutes for it what he called "irritable mental gestures." The observation is not unfair. While seldom a thinker, the liberal social innovator has usually armed himself with a whole catalogue of arguments against the status quo. The traditionalist, on the other hand, is usually taken by surprise when his beliefs are challenged. He finds it amazing and incomprehensible when values which to him are so obviously correct are questioned, and his response, at least initially, is indeed likely to be an irritable gesture, a few familiar clichés to ward off the enemy until the forces of tradition can be rallied.

At the heart of moral conservatism is a contradiction which the traditionalist dimly senses and which increases his irritation. For if the nature of traditionalism is the preference for a settled, stable, and placid personal life, then this life will necessarily be disrupted by the very act of defending it. (Moral conservatives often instinctively support their countries' wars, since they believe in patriotism as a basic virtue. Only when it is too late do they realize that wars deeply alter the social and moral fabric of the countries engaged in them.)

What is involved here is not mere laziness. Moral traditionalists often involve themselves quite deeply in the activities of their churches, their children's schools, Boy and Girl Scouts, etc. In other words, the traditionalist prefers to give himself to activities which are directly relevant to the family, while liberal activists see political goals, fought for in the public arena, as alone worthwhile.

## SOCIAL

*conservatism prefers a life that is settled, stable, placid, private*

The traditionalist's reluctance to commit himself fully to the political struggle is accompanied by an equal reluctance to examine the intellectual basis of his threatened values. For to undertake such an examination in a systematic way would also undermine the stable, settled character of a traditional way of life. It would involve fighting according to the enemy's rules. Thus many traditionalists tend to alternate passivity with grouching, waiting for someone else to erect and man the barricades, toward which they are willing to offer moral and sometimes financial support.

In the places where moral battles are commonly fought (in school districts, for example), whereas many are disturbed by evolving social trends, relatively few become actively involved. They seldom attend meetings. If they do, they usually remain silent, expressing their views candidly only to their closest friends. They are easily persuaded that certain policies they may not like are inevitable, and cannot successfully be resisted.

In the moral traditionalist's world, to be identified as the leader of a cause carries with it intimations of craziness: only fanatics speak their minds publicly. A leadership vacuum thus develops, such that those who do push themselves forward as leaders often actually are oddities—shrill, unstable, slightly unsavory. Then when the cause has been discredited by its spokesmen, the genuine traditionalist retreats even deeper into passivity and privacy, embarrassed even to have his beliefs known. There are middle-class communities where it is less damaging to be known as a homosexual than to be known as one who disapproves of them.

In addition, although liberal rhetoric officially encourages



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passionate adherence to one's beliefs, in practice those who set the terms of public discussion see to it that only "progressive" ideas are accorded respect. That members of the bourgeoisie were once capable of staging a minor riot in protest against Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" has a certain nostalgic charm. In the intervening decades, and especially in the past 15 years, the bourgeoisie have learned that they may not resist moral and cultural change. At most they may choose not to participate in it themselves. Unlike those who propagate change, they have no right to "impose" their own values on the whole of society.

Moral traditionalists have thus been conditioned, through the schools, the media, and even the churches, to assume that their own beliefs are matters of taste, not based on anything solid or defensible. They are made to feel that they have no right to impede society's changes. An entire industry has sprung up to "help" people learn to accept with equanimity whatever happens to the world. The final result is the diminution of freedom in the name of freedom. We are liberated from the tyranny of the past—in order to accept a certain vision of the future.

## UNLIKE

*those who propagate change, traditionalists have no 'right' to impose their values*

The objective causes for anxiety in the present-day world —terrorism both political and criminal, the erosion of institutional authority, widening intellectual and moral confusion, the revival of magic and superstition, the decay of the cities, the possibility of war or economic disaster—more than justify alarm. But alarmist views are tolerated only from favored groups, especially so-called environmentalists.

Real discussion of the future course of Western society has in effect been banned from the public sphere by the tacit judgment that certain opinions (concerning the social effects of the decline of organized religion, for example) represent merely unenlightened prejudice and are not to be taken seriously. People who are shaken by the breakdown of the family, by the breakdown of morality, or by violent crimes are assured that their alarm is based on misapprehensions. Nothing is regarded as worth becoming exercised about, since almost all social change is assumed to be for the best. The media, partial to change because change provides automatic drama, endeavor to make life a spectator sport. Rather than being deeply affected by events, people are invited to view them with detachment, to enjoy them as entertainment. What is most offensive about the phenomenon called radical chic is that it encourages wrenching kinds of social change for the sake of titillating bored people who believe that they have an undeniable right to lead "interesting" lives.

Although the word is often employed as a talisman, there is probably less genuine "pluralism" in America now than two decades ago. As the English historian E. R. Norman has observed, the authority of pluralism is mainly invoked during the period of transition from one orthodoxy to another. Liberal activists now speak of pluralism, or toleration of unpopular ideas, in the context of winning social acceptance for such things as homosexuality and "open marriage." But it is not simply toleration they seek. In reality they believe in a therapeutic norm to which all are expected to conform. Whatever one's chosen "lifestyle," no one is conceded the right to be a principled moral traditionalist. Much of the influence of the media and the educational system is bent toward bleaching out genuine cultural differences (as distinct from picturesque differences) and drawing the entire society within the folds of the liberal moral consensus, the essence of which is the willingness to ask repeatedly the question, "Why not?" and rarely to discover a persuasive answer.

What is generally called neoconservatism is a phenomenon whose significance has not yet been fully appreciated. Mainly concerned with economic and political ideas, it nonetheless takes a skeptical attitude toward almost all the prevailing liberal orthodoxies and hence at least indirectly offers support for moral traditionalism. (A few of the neoconservatives, like Daniel Bell and Robert Nisbet, have explicitly inquired into the religious and moral foundations of a viable society.)

Apart from the specific content of their thought, what may be significant about neoconservatives is the implicit lesson they convey about the role of the intellectual as outsider. Mass education and the mass media have at last created a situation in which almost everyone can be a "dissenter," mouthing "unpopular" ideas to the applause of the crowd. Neoconservatism has risen because some of the genuinely thoughtful people in society now feel alienated in a new way from the ostensible mainstream. The bourgeoisie are no longer callously complacent, impervious to, or intolerant of, new ideas. Instead they are, increasingly, eager buyers of a debased, bargain-basement kind of modernism.

The intellectual as defender of traditional values, an unfamiliar figure in the past three centuries, may become more conspicuous in the remaining two decades of this one. Conceivably, a sense of moral firmness will come to be genuinely "countercultural" amidst a populistic hedonism. However, the embers of tradition are by no means extinguished amidst the ashes of classical bourgeois culture, and an articulate neoconservatism may provide the voice, and the sense of self-confidence, which will enable many within the great American middle class to do what fashionable liberal rhetoric urges them to do—once again take control of their lives. □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

*Solzhenitsyn understands the City of God. From the depths of a hell, he has retained a vision of what might be. He understands rather less well the City of Man*

# On Solzhenitsyn

MICHAEL NOVAK

DEMOCRACIES do not take kindly to prophets. On the coins of the United States, we read: "In God we trust." I have always taken this to mean: "In no one else."

My colleague George Will has coined many phrases that I like, but one especially: he describes certain persons as not simply conservatives but "stained-glass conservatives." This designation captures neatly enough the protest of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn against modernity.

It might even be possible to read Solzhenitsyn's address at Harvard as an updating of Pope Piux IX's famous critique of modernity, "The Syllabus of Errors." Solzhenitsyn, like Pius IX, is adept at pointing out the errors, one-sidedness, and blind spots in many of the things which we, in a liberal democratic society, hold most dear. Like Pius IX, he holds up in contrast some of the ideals of models of Christian civilization from the past—their ideals rather than their practices.

Without question, Solzhenitsyn is a man for the ages. His artistic talent and moral stature make the rest of us seem small by comparison. It is a privilege to live in an age in which he lives.

Some years ago—in a way foreshadowing the rise of the brave workers of Poland—Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn addressed several audiences in the United States under the auspices of the AFL-CIO. My wife, Karen, and I were privileged to hear him in New York.

He stood there exactly as a great Russian novelist ought to appear: tall, straight, ascetic, in a long whitish beard, like some Tolstoy or Dostoyevsky of our imagination, a prophet illustrated on the pages of the Book of Exodus, brave, indomitable, speaking truth as he saw it to an audience composed largely of journalists and radio and television folk, who, he could be quite sure, could not or would not understand him. He said in somber, quiet, ringing tones that we were engaged, like it or not, recognize it or not, in a war of survival. He begged us, at least, even if we did not choose to uphold our own side in this war of ideas, this struggle of all-too-material forces, *at least—please—not* to help the Soviet leaders, whom he insisted upon regarding not only as tyrants but as moral impostors—*not* to help the Soviets shovel earth upon the coffins of those they buried.

One of the great literatures of the twentieth century is prison literature. Consider Dietrich Bonhoeffer's reflections in a Nazi prison. All through Eastern Europe there are men and women of undoubted greatness confiding words to paper, which one day our children may read. Mihajlo Mihajlov, himself the author of such reflections from the prisons of Yugoslavia, considers, in *Underground Notes* (1976), the weight and spiritual meaning of that literature. What such writers have discovered is basic, elemental, at the root. They have discovered that, more powerful than the body, more basic than the emotions, deeper than will or intellect, is a force which gives life, permits seemingly superhuman endurance, invigorates every capacity and possibility of the human being. Mihajlov does not hesitate to name this power for survival: it's *soul.*

There is in human beings, beyond the reach of totalitarians and jailers, beyond the influence of colleagues faint of heart and longing for death, a force of life and for resistance: *soul.* Soul is beyond the reach of systems, a motivating, driving force, an originating source of energy, able to stand in utter solitude. Soul has, moreover, direct access to "the love that moves the sun and the other stars." It is indomitable.

This *soul,* Mihajlov writes, is the root of democracy. It is the originating force at the base of every human right, the source of every human hunger for liberty. It is common to all of us but it is not collective. It is, above all, individual, closer to each of us than our self to ourself.

*Solzhenitsyn has met his own soul. It is the source of the fire that burns in him. One feels its presence on every page he writes. It is a power deeper than consciousness*

*This article was adapted from an address given by Michael Novak in Washington last September. It was republished, along with an address by George F. Will, under the title* Solzhenitsyn and American Democracy *by the Ethics and Public Policy Center (1211 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036).*



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Solzhenitsyn knows this force well. He has met his own soul. It is the source of the fire that burns in him. One feels its presence on every page he writes. It is a power deeper than consciousness, a source of enormous transcultural, trans-systemic reverberation. Who that is human is wholly insensitive to it? It discomfits, renders uneasy, makes our daily preoccupations seem shallow and relatively wasted. (It is as if one spelled his name: *Soul*zhenitsyn.)

The great novelist, however, in concentrating so single-mindedly on soul, at times overlooks its necessary political, economic, and social artifacts. Human soul does not live alone. It is embodied—in social, political, and economic systems, as well as in human skin, tissue, sinews, and organs of feeling and sensibility.

Solzhenitsyn often seems to wish to reject modernity, "Western ideas," above all: *democracy* and all its works and pomps. He sometimes seems to desire a world of soul alone, leaders infused with virtue, peoples astonishingly and simply committed to the evangelical laws of peace, justice, order, and charity. If this were a world of angels, Solzhenitsyn's vision would create a City of Light. Its rulers would be saints, its people willing followers, its constitution the very laws of God. The civilization he envisions would be a heavenly city.

It is stunning, after all, to see how closely the dream of Solzhenitsyn mirrors the dream of his arch-enemy, Karl Marx, how he has turned Communism inside-out as a vision of effortless Christian civilization, populated not by sinners but by the virtuous, organized not by trial and error, checks and balances, separation of powers, and the differentiation of systems (political system, economic system, moral-cultural system, each relatively independent of the others), but organized by simple righteousness. He guides us to a heavenly city, before we have learned to live in the sinful climes of earth.

This grand leap from soul to paradise, without any of the purgatories of democracy, enraptures his mind. In place of opinions, he would have blazing truth. In place of legalisms, laws, and lawyers, he would have respect for God's order and individual dignity. In place of pornography, solicitation, avarice, he would have the simplicity of a life lived according to the Gospels.

Solzhenitsyn believes that democracy is an invention of the Enlightenment. In this he is profoundly wrong, wrong above all about the very texts he holds most dear: the Gospels. Jacques Maritain, one of the authors of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the United Nations—to whose existence not only on paper but in the minds of men and in powerful institutions, Solzhenitsyn has often paid homage—was wiser.

Maritain discerned, in *Christianity and Democracy*, that the basic moral energies of the democratic way of life owe their origins to convictions nourished by those "peoples of the narrative," Jews and Christians. To such peoples, Maritain observes, human life is shaped by each human soul. Each may be faithful, each may fail. King David may sin. King David may act heroically. One never knows the outcome of a chapter in David's life, until his freedom has issued in choice. A whole people may send history down a destructive path that may last for generations, or a whole people may prepare the way for God's will. History is open: open to progress—and also to decline. The peoples of the narrative necessarily have a profound sense of sin, risk, danger, even at the heart of their aspirations for justice, liberty, charity and peace. Their narrative keeps being written. There is suspense in every chapter. The pivot of the narrative is liberty of soul.

Democracy grows out of such a narrative: *may* grow out of it—nothing is predetermined. Democracy is a system respectful of liberty, therefore open to sinners as well as saints, therefore soliciting the worst in people as well as the best. Wherever democracy is in effect, there the saintly eye will be scandalized, the aspiring ear assaulted, the longing heart rendered sad. For human beings, being free, often loathe their freedom and abuse it. Democracy by no means entails virtue, even though it cannot survive without it.

Solzhenitsyn does us honor, though he may not think so, by being so affronted by the awful cheapness, vulgarity, and open sinfulness of our way of life. Any system open to human liberty as it actually is must necessarily abound in visible signs of sinfulness. No more can democracy be sinless than Communism (committed, as Solzhenitsyn sees, to systematic lies) can drive out all virtue. The human heart is endlessly mixed. "In God we trust—in no one else."

Solzhenitsyn understands the City of God. From the depths of a kind of hell, he has retained a vision of what might be. He understands rather less well the City of Man. He sees its errors and its sins clearly enough. He sees that men act, all too visibly, like the Gada-



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rene swine, following "sophistication" over the precipice. But he has yet to perceive how democracy is an effort to cope with a Jewish and Christian vision of man's sinfulness, not by a premature attempt to leap beyond sinfulness into paradise, nor by a foolish attempt to eradicate it, but by a vigilant effort to force it to become creative despite itself.

Democracy attempts to turn even self-interest, by a kind of practical alchemy, into the mutual service of all to all. Democracy accepts the Jewish and Christian vision of human fallibility, bestiality, will-to-power, of world, flesh, and the devil—takes men as they are—and tries by scaffolding and dikes, laws and contesting interests, the clash of poets against corporate leaders, abortionists against anti-abortionists, politicians against dreamers, seers against the stupid, to hold the rickety human enterprise on a course of liberty and justice for all. Impossible dream. Republic of sinners. Capable of avarice and generosity. An experiment implausibly expected to endure its own civil wars, not to mention its universal contest with powers determined to destroy it.

Democracy may be too imperfect for Solzhenitsyn, but only if mankind is too imperfect for him. All cannot be heroes as he is. Democracy imitates the "plain wisdom" of the Scriptures, as James Madison called it. Its vision is not grand—barely of a tunnel large enough for each free person to crawl through. In this sense, democracy itself is cut to the humble dimensions preferred by Judaism and Christianity. It wishes, in the end, only to stumble across the line, still free, still struggling for justice, still working to achieve some elemental equality. Democracy is better cut to sinners than to saints.

I am sorry, sometimes, then, that we disappoint the great Solzhenitsyn. But I would have it no other way. Here we honor prophets, but do not follow them except slowly, humbly, from a distance.

Yet with Solzhenitsyn's great message we do stand in agreement. The world is, sadly, split apart. World War III did begin in 1945, and the correlation of forces is less in our favor now than then, less so now than at any time in the history of this Republic. We are at an hour of maximal peril.

*A system based on lies cannot endure. . . . The reckoning rumbles in Poland. Events are gaining in rapidity. The great chapter of our age is drawing toward its climax*

Yet so, also, is our foe. A system based on lies cannot endure. The world cannot survive half slave and half free. The reckoning rumbles in Poland. Events are gaining in rapidity. The great chapter of our age is drawing toward its climax.

It is good to have a seer in our midst, to alert us, to accuse us, to toughen us, to awaken us. We need not regard him as an architect of a just world in order to hear him, from our reverie, as a bugler. If we awaken, if we show honesty, courage, and communion with all who rise for liberty, we may prevent the worst from happening. We will not help the gravediggers shovel earth on those they bury. We will carry the ideas of democracy where they are most dreaded, most feared.

So forgive us, Solzhenitsyn, for stopping short of your City of Light. For us, our humble ways seem better.

I do not know the words in Russian, but perhaps the sentiment will be familiar to an Orthodox ear, even though the words are those of the Latin I learned in childhood:

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.*

Good words, for a democracy. □

# Lines for a Sundial

I

Hello! I'm busy at my work. And you?
Still staring? Have you nothing else to do?

II

How fond I'd be to think that I'm
The master not the slave of time.

III

Were I to move, how useless I would be.
Praise the sun's jig and my stability.

IV

I may not touch his hot complacency,
But then again, he doesn't alter me.

V

My lord is self-sufficient and despotic.
The best relationships are symbiotic.

VI

The wise man welcomes the sublime
Implacability of time.

—Herbert A. Kenny



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# Abroad

**Riyadh** *Prospect for Arabia*

Despite the recent attack on the mosque at Mecca, as well as the fabulous wealth of the royal family, Saudi Arabia is not thought by foreign observers here to be in line for a revolution on the Iranian model. There is, to be sure, an outfit in London calling itself the Organization for the Islamic Revolution in the Arabian Peninsula, which broadcasts the same kind of material as was used by the Ayatollah Khomeini. Stories also circulate of anti-royal graffiti which have to be washed off the walls of Jidda; of discontent among the younger, more liberal princes and the rich merchants; and of discontent, too, among the country nomads. But there are two things the royal family is doing to forestall trouble. One is the development of a constitution, or basic system of government, which will shortly be drawn up and promulgated. The second is a call to austerity among the rich Saudis by Crown Prince Fahd. Furthermore, there are distinct differences from Iran. One is that the country is governed not by one autocratic man but by the princely ruling family of Al-Saud consisting of several thousand members, with the king and crown prince as leading members of an oligarchy. The princes, in effect, form a tribe, and it would be very difficult to overthrow a whole tribe. Another difference is that while the Shah of Iran was a secular monarch, the Saudi dynasty are religiously oriented and live, at least on the surface, with self-conscious Koranic austerity. A final difference is that the regime, for all its wealth, is neither high-handed nor arrogant. There is no talk, for example, of Saudi Arabia becoming the protector of the Persian Gulf.

**Asmara** *Twenty Years On*

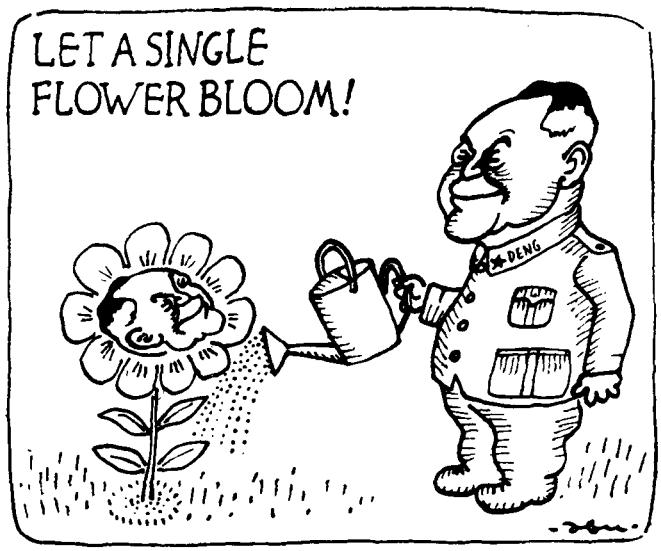
The Eritrean struggle for independence from Ethiopia is approaching the twenty-year mark. Fighting between the rebels and the armies of Addis Ababa has been sporadic but bloody during a number of inconclusive campaigns. This spring the Ethiopians, armed with fresh weapons supplied by the Soviet Union, hope to end a challenge that has represented the biggest single drain on their resources and their manpower. The rebels, who have about thirty thousand men continuously under arms, are split into two movements or "fronts," one of them Marxist but fiercely independent, the other Marxist also and allied to Moscow. As Moscow is also the mainstay, militarily and politically, of the central government in Addis Ababa, the situation is superficially awkward. But poor communications and the nature of the special grievances of the Eritreans prevent the contradiction from assuming much reality. The rebels, however divided, are united in their desire for an autonomous Eritrea, possibly with some ties to Addis Ababa. But Colonel Mengistu, Ethiopia's current dictator, does not dare undermine the authority of the central government in any respect. Observers believe that the Ethiopians, however well armed, will never achieve a military solution, and that, in the absence of political agreement, the fighting will drag on until one or both sides are exhausted.

**Brussels** *Group Expansion*

Greece's admission to the European Economic Community makes the Nine Ten and stretches the Common Market from Ireland to the Aegean Sea. The population of the bloc now stands at a formidable 270 million. Greece's membership has important symbolic value as well. It denotes the final incorporation of European civilization's heartland, and moves Western commercial and cultural power to the Balkan flank of the Soviet empire. Greece is the first member of the EEC not to be contiguous with the rest of it (except for the British isles) and this circumstance in itself promises to be influential in the future. The special economic situation of the Greeks is recognized by the provision that tariff barriers will not disappear for at least five years, and Greece's farmers will have seven years to integrate their agriculture. The drachma is not the hardest of currencies, and a high inflation rate and unemployment of 18 per cent will require some delicate balancing on the part of Community authorities here. Nevertheless, Greece's integration into Europe is a historic step. It makes the early additions of Spain and Portugal, now anxiously awaiting their turn, almost inevitable.

**Eton** *Group Ventilation*

The home of elitism as we know it, it can be convincingly argued, is Eton College, that British public school for boys which has shaped history on its playing fields if not in its classrooms. Elitism still flourishes here after five centuries, and an overwhelming majority of its present-day scholars agree that it does. According to a poll taken at the school and published in the *Eton Chronicle*, 74 per cent of the students believe Etonians have special features "that for whatever reasons set them apart from others," even though 48 per cent of them think the differences are "undesirable." When questioned as to whether Eton had produced outstanding graduates in the past, 85 per cent answered in the affirmative.

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BRANDEIS-BARDIN

# West of Eden

MONA CHAREN

CALIFORNIA JOKES appear to have become an established genre of American folklore. "The land of fruits and nuts" represents, for the rest of us, the kookiness capital of the world. But while it's obvious (particularly in New York City) that California has no monopoly on crackpots, it is true that the balmy climate and the lingering aura of the last frontier do in fact attract malcontents, misfits, and megalomaniacs from points east and north seeking either to discover or to create an earthly utopia beside the Pacific.

It's not surprising then, that California's considerable contributions to national sanity tend to go unheralded; but it is a pity, since, when you take a closer look at those gurus, you discover that at least some of them are peddling not hedonism, or primal scream therapy, or biorhythmic whatever—but the oldest wisdom in the world.

Just north of Los Angeles, nestled in the hills above Simi Valley, is the Brandeis-Bardin Institute, named for Justice Louis Brandeis and Dr. Shlomo Bardin, a Jewish educator. The Institute is very much in the California retreat mode: people turn their lives over to the program for a weekend (or, in the case of young adults, for a month in the summer) and emerge transformed, "turned on," committed. To what? Self? It? Drugs? No: "ethical monotheism."

Sandstone and its trendy be-your-own-best-friend, hot-tub, feel-good retreat cousins have sprouted in the soil of Southern California like dandelions —and, like the weed's delicate white head, are scattered by even the gentlest cultural breezes. Brandeis, by contrast, has for nearly forty years, in season and out, carried on its solitary struggle, its private war against secularism.

For years the personal fiefdom of its founder, Shlomo Bardin, BBI today is a corporate enterprise, spearheaded by the brilliant and energetic young authors of *Nine Questions People Ask about Judaism*, Dennis Prager and Rabbi Joseph Telushkin. "There are two real choices before the world," they explain, "monotheism and totalitarianism (the worship of God versus the worship of man) . . . Secularism is a cul-de-sac. The death of religion is a dead end. It shatters the human aspiration for something higher." Accordingly, the Institute's mission is to reacquaint (or, in some cases, introduce) its participants to traditional Jewish life and faith; the assumption being that Judaism (a fundamentally worldly religion despite its excursions into mysticism) must be lived to be appreciated—or understood.

And live it they do. Rising at 6:30 A.M., the neophytes greet the morning with the millennia-old prayers of the first awed monotheists; celebrating Him Who separates light from darkness. The cadences of ancient Hebrew, previously unknown to many of the participants, summon the image of devout grandfathers—and forefathers. The program is a kind of cross between the Israeli kibbutz and the European yeshiva. From Israel comes dance, and song, and that intangible sense of an unfolding drama. From Europe, the wisdom and the faith which have enabled the world's first "ethical monotheists" to endure for 3,500 years.

PRAGER AND TELUSHKIN are confident that once people are immersed in the richness of the Jewish tradition, the Western world's oldest religion will speak for itself. But since the Institute has only a weekend (at most, a month) to work its magic, they give Judaism a little help by explaining her ways to the secularist.

The dietary laws, for example, are widely regarded by secularized Jews as, at best, archaic health measures made obsolete by the Department of Agriculture, or, at worst, arbitrary restrictions abstracted from the Bible by underworked Talmudic scholars. At BBI, the dietary laws' foundations in two moral principles are explained: to teach man that nature is not his to do with as he pleases, thereby reminding him at every meal of his obligations to God; and to ensure compassion and mercy toward all living things (no animal which has suffered a painful death is considered kosher). Similar questions arise about Sabbath observance. Wasn't it intended simply as a day of rest? Since most moderns work only five days a week anyway hasn't it been outmoded? No, it is explained, the Sabbath is primarily a day of prayer and introspection, secondarily a day of family life. Rest is tertiary.

And while on the subject of Jewish law, Prager and Telushkin toss in a few which most secularists have never heard of, e.g., the law which forbids one to ask of a merchant the price of an item one has no intention of buying, or the law which requires that fully 10 per cent of one's income be donated to charity (in Hebrew: *tzedekah*, justice).

If the central thrust of the BBI program were to be reduced to a single sentence, it might be: *Even if God does not exist (and He probably does), the traditional Jewish way of life and code of ethics still make sense for those who seek personal fulfillment and a more perfect world.* Conversely, Prager and Telushkin have noted, "Except for a handful of righteous individuals, the legacy of ideologies which deny God's existence has been unparalleled human suffering." By the end of his BBI experience, every graduate understands the meaning of the "cut-flower culture," a phrase quoted from Will Herberg, former religion editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, and, next to the Sh'ma, the watchword of the Brandeis-Bardin Institute. "The attempt," Herberg wrote, "made in recent decades by secularist thinkers to disengage Western values from their religious context . . . has resulted in what one writer has called our 'cut-flower culture.' Cut flowers retain the vitality that they have drawn from their now severed roots; after that is exhausted, they wither and die."

In Southern California, a thing does not exist unless it can be emblazoned on a T-shirt. Brandeis-Bardin bows to the secular world in this one respect. Their T-shirt reads: "Thank God for Ethical Monotheism." □

*Miss Charen is NR's editorial assistant.*



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# Books Arts & Manners

## The Economy of Faith

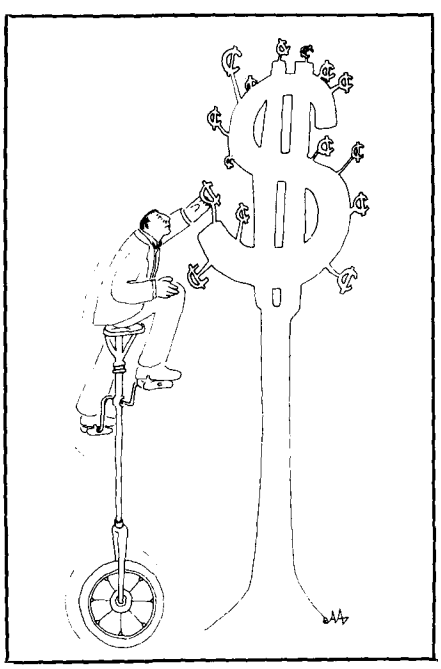
JOSEPH SOBRAN

*Wealth and Poverty*
*By George Gilder*
*Basic, 306 pp., $16.95*

How embarrassing, after prostrating yourself before a man, to discover you've underestimated him. Seven years ago George Gilder wrote a warm, brilliant, offbeat celebration of family life called *Sexual Suicide*. I happened to read it in manuscript and was deeply impressed not only by the deep truths that it spoke but also that a man could have the sheer mind it took to make such an act of intellectual recovery during the fevers of the "Sixties" (1965-1975). That book was a contribution to justify a lifetime.

I made a point of looking George up and making his acquaintance, and a few lunches later he mumbled something about a book on economics ("I know a little bit about that stuff," I recall him confiding). The title, he thought, would be *Love and Money*, and as nearly as I could make out it would amount to a defense of plutocracy. For his sake I tried to keep an open mind. If you want to keep up with George, or at least (as in my case) avoid straggling so far behind you lose sight of him altogether, you must keep your mind open indeed. He tries on so many ideas before he finds the one that fits. I have never known anyone who had so completely got the old furniture out of the attic, who was so willing to jettison accepted notions and yet so ready, not only to entertain new ideas, but to give old, odd, and disreputable ideas a fair hearing—even to make a better case for them than their original advocates had managed to make. Part of the excellence of his intelligence lies in its strange ingenuousness. He takes in random ideas the way little girls take in stray kittens, and he remains bravely loyal to those he decides are true.

That's the point. Chesterton reminds us that the purpose of an open mind, as of an open mouth, is to close on something. George Gilder's mind has closed, triumphantly, on capitalism.



The book isn't *Love and Money*, it turns out, but *Wealth and Poverty*. He has—as they say—put it all together. Instead of remaining the private fancy of a small circle of cognoscenti such as myself, George has burst forth with a masterly book about . . . well, love and money. It bears the praise of Dave Stockman, Jack Kemp, Paul Craig Roberts, and Bill Buckley. You can bet Ronald Reagan will take it to heart. It sings the theme of the Eighties—the anthem of American renewal.

*Wealth and Poverty* assumes that economics is too vital to be left to the economists. It affirms what Gilder has elsewhere called "the incandescence of blunt truths." He acknowledges the influence of Ayn Rand as well as von Hayek, Friedman, and other luminaries. Nobody knows better that truth is not confined to the intellectual Social Register. In the free society, the last may be first, in ideas as in wealth.

Wealth is produced. That's the key to all this daunting "supply-side" talk. Supply precedes demand. Supply *creates* demand. Demand can't create supply: funny money, whether printed by the public sector (which can get away with it) or the private sector (which can go to prison for it), is counterfeit demand. "Stagflation" isn't the paradox the macroeconomists make out; it's the natural result of inflation's eventual impact on production. The "zero-sum society" isn't the result of depleted resources; it's what happens when the public sector's interference freezes production.

Wealth is produced: new things are made and offered for sale. There was no demand for the automobile until it existed. Oil wasn't thought of as a "resource" until the automobile made it useful. The wealth of Arabia was cre-

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ated in a garage in Dearborn. Capital ventures—risks taken on an unfathomable future—create wealth. If we knew in advance which risks would pay off, they wouldn't be risks. Until we know—and we never will—we can't even say which rocks to count as resources. Camels plodded for centuries over a subterranean sea of worthless slime; a century from now it may be worthless again. Macroeconomic projections of its long-term value assume a false stasis, and are already worthless, except to those with a big stake in the public sector, like regulatory bureaucrats and associated macroeconomists.

Gilder celebrates capitalism not only because he believes in the rich but more particularly because he believes in the poor, i.e., the potentially rich. He cites case after case of poor men—especially immigrants who hadn't been trained by collectivist social scientists to perceive themselves as "chronically" poor—whose successes, modest and astounding, show "that faith and imagination are the most important capital goods in the American economy, that wealth is a product less of money than of mind."

A nineteenth century congressman moved to close the Patent Office on the grounds that the possibilities of invention had been exhausted. We smile at that, but much public policy is based on a kindred assumption: that our official calculators can safely proceed on the certainty that the private sector won't think of much *they* haven't thought of—that new breakthroughs won't occur to unsettle and rearrange the present field of goods and values.

And how do they know this? They don't know it, and they *know* they don't know it, but their activity (not to mention their status and income) requires them to posit it. Astrologers can't afford to question the presumptions of astrology; they have deadlines.

The capitalist, Gilder stresses, is a leader. When he offers a new product or service, he is not just filling a gap that is "there." The real "gap" is the entire universe of unexploited possibilities. Consider: "Great Barrington, Massachusetts, contains a Somali restaurant, a baroque music school, and an Outward Bound Youth Center not because of spontaneous need for these ventures, but because of the presence of men who chose to start them and succeeded in creating a demand for them."

*"Buying power does not essentially 'trickle down' as wages or 'flow up' and away as profits and savings. It originates with productive work at any level. This is the simple and homely first truth about wealth and poverty."*

*". . . Socialism and capitalism are not converging at all in their ability to provide food and shelter and higher living standards for their people or to develop new industry and technology for the future. On the contrary, in these vital areas the two systems are rapidly diverging . . . The United States alone produces half the world's food exports and 40 per cent of its wealth, while socialist countries still look to the West for sustenance and technological advances. The differences . . . come not from natural resources or industrial plant, but from ideas and attitudes."*

*"In America the rich should not be compared to the Saudi Arabians or be seen in the image of Midas in his barred cage of gold. The American rich hold not only riches but also wealth. It is in the Third World where the Midas myth bears its grim truth, where governments can make nothing but money and there is little to buy except from abroad, and where all surviving wealth tends to flee into portable baubles and gold. Under capitalism, when it is working, the rich have the anti-Midas touch, transforming timorous liquidity and unused savings into factories and office towers, farms and laboratories, orchestras and museums—turning gold into goods and jobs and art."*

—*From* Wealth and Poverty

Professor Galbraith complains that demand "does not arise in spontaneous consumer need. . . . If production is to increase, the wants must be effectively contrived." Gilder's reply: "Exactly. The quality of capitalist society depends not on automatic mechanisms, but on the quality, creativity, and leadership of the capitalists." Galbraith has got the point of a free society. But he has got it backwards. He doesn't mind funny money half as much as he minds what he thinks of as funny products: electric toothbrushes, tailfins, that sort of thing. He is affronted by consumerist vanities. There must be a bedrock of material value, mustn't there?

On such deeply rooted assumptions are redistributionist, production-killing policies based. Those assumptions not only fail to explain American prosperity; they also fail to explain Hong Kong:

> The United States must overcome the materialist fallacy: the illusion that resources and capital are essentially things, which can run out, rather than products of human will and imagination which in freedom are inexhaustible. This fallacy is one of the oldest of economic delusions, from the period of empire when men believed that wealth was land, to the period of mercantilism when they fantasized that it was gold, to the contemporary period when they suppose it is oil; and our citizens clutch at real estate and gold as well. But economists make an only slightly lesser error when they add up capital in quantities and assume that wealth consists mainly in machines and factories. Throughout history, from Venice to Hong Kong, the fastest growing countries have been the lands best endowed not with things but with free minds and private rights to property.

Overarching and animating *Wealth and Poverty* is the theme that capitalism is *not* materialistic, *not* rooted in calculating greed, but founded in faith and generosity, in the urge to create and the willingness to give and gamble with no assurance of return. Capitalism is religious. It is fostered by faith in the future, faith in Providence. Its enemies are the enemies of faith. □

*Tito: The Story from Inside*
*By Milovan Djilas*
*Harcourt Brace, 179 pp., $9.95*

## INSIDE OUT

### ADAM B. ULAM

Before the dramatic break between the two men had occurred, our author happened to quote to Tito, somewhat needlessly one would think, the old Marxian saw that it is ideas and the masses which shape history. "Nonsense," retorted the masterful ruler of Yugoslavia, "often the entire course of history depends on one man." Clearly, as Dji-



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## RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST JANUARY TITLES: *Self-Destruction: The Disintegration and Decay of the U.S. Army during the Vietnam Era* (Norton, $15.95), by Cincinnatus, lays the blame for the debacle of Vietnam on the highest echelons of the American Army, which he charges with incompetence and arrogance. The pseudonym covers the identity of a field-grade Pentagon officer. . . . Ben Heineman Jr. and Curt Hessler, who worked in the Carter Administration, argue in *Memorandum for the President: A Strategic Approach to Domestic Affairs in the 1980s* (Random House, $17.95) that Jimmy Carter's failure to devise a four-year domestic-policy strategy when he assumed office was partly responsible for the failure of his Presidency. They urge Ronald Reagan to devise such a strategy as early as possible in his Administration.

■ DUE IN FEBRUARY: Adam B. Ulam's latest book is *Russia's Revolutionaries: From the Decembrists to the Dissidents* (Basic, $18.95), a work that describes nationalist movements in Russia and explains how they have always fallen into the hands of authoritarians.

■ SOME MARCH TITLES: Joyce Carol Oates's *Contraries: Essays* (Oxford, $12.95) is a collection of seven essays in literary criticism, including pieces on *King Lear*, Oscar Wilde, and Dostoyevsky. . . . *Sand Rivers* (Viking, $19.95), by Peter Matthiessen, with photographs by Hugo van Lawick, is an account of a safari into the Selous Game Reserve in southeast Tanzania. . . . Garry Wills's *Explaining America: The Federalist* (Doubleday, $14.95) is the second volume of a projected tetralogy about the American Enlightenment. In the present book he argues that Madison and Hamilton were both heavily influenced by the more communitarian school of the Scottish Enlightenment. . . . Elie Wiesel's *The Testament* (Summit, $13.95) is the story of a Russian poet who abandons Judaism for Communism, and is finally executed by the Soviets on direct orders from Josef Stalin. —CW

las also rather naïvely comments, Tito had himself in mind. And, one might add, he was amply justified insofar as the recent history of his country was concerned.

It requires a considerable effort at reconstructing the political atmosphere of 32 years ago to realize the shock produced in the Communist world by the news of a Communist Party and country defying Stalin. Abandoned (some would use a stronger expression) by the West, Eastern Europe lay, seemingly helpless, under the Soviets' heel. Remnants of democratic and any other non-Communist forces and influences were being ruthlessly ground down. There was no need for what in twenty years would be dubbed the Brezhnev Doctrine. A telephone call from the Kremlin, a suggestive paragraph in *Pravda*, and the most influential Communist satrap in Poland or Bulgaria would bite the dust, while his colleagues and erstwhile subordinates frantically competed at denouncing him and groveling before Moscow. It appeared too fantastic even to imagine a Communist leader actually talking back to Stalin and not being stripped instantaneously of his offices and honors and dragged off to jail, there to be prepared for a public trial, wherein, after confessing his treachery, he would receive the punishment usually meted out to those Communists, whether Soviet or foreign, who had aroused Comrade Stalin's displeasure.

Then the unimaginable actually happened. Tito and his lieutenants, instead of finding themselves in jail memorizing their courtroom parts, were, in the best Stalinist fashion, liquidating their own pro-Moscow comrades. Still the world held its breath: surely the Soviets would not for long put up with this defiance by a man who was, until a few years before, an obscure Comintern functionary, and by a state of some 15 million inhabitants, its population deeply divided along national and religious lines and chafing under what had been until then the most ruthless of the Communist dictatorships in Eastern Europe.

But the other shoe was never dropped. Little Yugoslavia broke the myth of the monolithic unity of the Communist world, and since 1948 it has never been quite the same. What thoughts must have gone through Brezhnev's mind last May as he, along with other world potentates, stood by Tito's bier? Quite possibly he was reflecting that this man had dealt not just the first but, in its ultimate implications, perhaps the most shattering blow to Soviet imperialism.

Tito was the main architect of Communist rule and oppression in Yugoslavia, but after 1948 it was he who must chiefly be credited with retrieving his country's independence from Moscow. Having indoctrinated his own party with the worship of Stalin and all things Soviet, he proceeded, in masterly fashion, to wean it from this worship.

The shift was attended with enormous risks, internal as well as external. The West was at first skeptical of the genuineness and permanence of the split; and the Yugoslav Communists, hitherto the most militantly anti-Western of all satellite parties, were hesitant to seek help from the capitalist world. Tito's political skill and flexibility helped to turn the situation around. He liberalized his regime, which until 1949-50 was the most doctrinaire in all of Eastern Europe, and the Yugoslav people, though still not enchanted with their native brand of Communism, found ample reason to prefer it to rule by Moscow's puppets. Tito overcame his lieutenants' scruples about seeking help from the West, and Western aid was instrumental in restoring Yugoslavia's economy, shattered not only by the war but also by four subsequent years of the most foolhardy Communist experiments. Careful to eschew any reforms which might threaten his and the ruling elite's prerogatives, the Yugoslav dictator was still shrewd enough to license ideological and political innovations which gave his Communism a more humane and populistic appearance.

Luck and longevity contributed to the Tito legend. How fortunate for him and Yugoslavia was the eruption of the Korean War and the unexpected (by the Soviets) American intervention on behalf of invaded South Korea. It occurred precisely at the moment when many people believed that the Kremlin, disappointed by the failure of its attempts to subvert the rebel Communist regime, was about to resort to armed force. Then Stalin's death and Khrushchev's campaign of de-Stalinization enabled the rebel, formerly the object of Soviet vituperation, to become again a respected and honored friend of the Soviet Union. With what superb skill



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would this supreme political acrobat of the twentieth century now perform his balancing act between the West and Moscow, avoiding a too close and therefore deadly embrace by the latter, and a too close association with the former, receiving arms and credits from both!

For all his admiration of Tito and the lingering traces of affection for him, Djilas's book is hardly a eulogy of his former chief and, until 1953, close friend. By the same token, the author exhibits little bitterness toward the man who, once it suited his political purposes, allowed his old companion to be disgraced, ostracized, and intermittently jailed. In fact, the book is almost as interesting for what it tells about the author as about its subject.

A one-time Communist fanatic, whose pro-Soviet zeal before and during the war must have secretly amused his much older, more experienced, and more realistic leader, Djilas, once his illusions about Stalin and Russia were shattered, could not exchange them for new ones. Had he kept his doubts and criticisms to himself he would undoubtedly have continued as one of Tito's closest advisors and his probable heir. Yet the same impulse which once had led him to worship Communism and the "genius leader of progressive mankind" now drove him toward democratic ideals and the rejection of any, even the most "liberal," kind of Communism as incompatible with human freedom and dignity.

Here, as in other of his books, he describes in somber detail the utterly ruthless ways in which Tito and his lieutenants, Djilas himself among them, dealt first with those who opposed Communism in Yugoslavia and then with their own comrades whom they suspected of pro-Moscow leanings. The much abused term "idealist" is for once precisely accurate when applied to the author, the only Communist of high rank in recent years who has suffered disgrace and imprisonment not because he had been defeated in a struggle for power but because of his inherent honesty and his inability to continue to worship a false god. At times he tends to be too censorious, as when he describes in great detail Tito's truly royal style of living. One feels that Tito's delinquencies on that count (and should one really begrudge a penchant toward hedonism in one who until his mid-fifties led a life of continuous privations and danger?) pale in comparison with his sanctioning of the Soviet invasion of Hungary and his unceremonious treatment of anybody and everybody who so much as seemed to threaten his personal power.

For all his criticisms of Tito, and for all his democratic convictions, Djilas's inherent honesty forces him to ask the uncomfortable question: Could any man less ruthless, less avid for power, have saved Yugoslavia from both Stalinism and internal disintegration? "Could Tito have done anything more or anything less, burdened . . . by a Leninist Party, a Leninist ideology, an autocratic power in a backward country devastated by war and civil strife?" Djilas gives no clear answer. On the one hand: "Under the circumstances no more could have been done." But on the other, when it came to giving his countrymen real freedom as well as independence, "Tito's accomplishments are meager and regressive, deadly for the spiritual and material prospects of Yugoslavia."

The real answer would have to touch on a problem much bigger than that of Yugoslavia. It was a strange paralysis of will and intelligence on the part of the Western democracies which condemned postwar Eastern Europe to a servile status and made it inevitable that Soviet imperialism there could be fought effectively only by authoritarian, if not indeed Stalinist, methods. And as long as that paralysis continues, we shall see similar phenomena occurring in other parts of the world. □

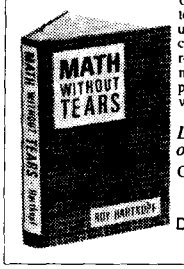
*How to Think about God: A Guide for the Twentieth Century Pagan*
*By Mortimer J. Adler*
*Macmillan, 175 pp., $9.95*

## THE SECOND CIRCLE

EMORY C. WILLIAMS

It is a pity that Mortimer J. Adler has not written any science fiction, else we could say that he is to moralistic philosophy what Isaac Asimov is to scientific materialism, or what C. S. Lewis was and is to orthodox Christianity. As it stands, Adler is a remarkable scholar, chairman of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*'s board of editors (he orchestrated the production of *Britannica 3*), director of the Institute for Philosophical Research, and author of a score of books in which he reduces philosophy from giraffe to about zebra level.


MATH WITHOUT TEARS

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Having taught us first *How to Read a Book* (1940), and then *How to Think about War and Peace* (1944), Adler makes his third contribution to the do-it-yourself genre with *How to Think about God*. The title misleads, however, for this is not a handbook on the divine attributes or the art of celestial meditation. It is rather a close-runged ladder of inference and deduction designed to lift the doubter up to where he can see his way clear to assent. It tells not so much how to think about God Himself as how the *ideas* of God and God's existence may be approached from a position of disbelief, by the unaided vehicle of Western rationalism.

AFTER identifying completely with his primary audience of modern pagans, Adler dotingly shepherds his readers over a labyrinthine course of rigorous neo-medieval cerebration, all the way to the end, which turns out to be the verge of a great chasm. Along the way our pastor has paused to expose the insidious perils of many dead-end byways (such as the ontological and traditional cosmological arguments, and the question-begging assumption that the cosmos had a beginning). But the reader arrives safely—if somewhat frazzled—having been conveyed over the final stretch by the author's own version of the cosmological argument (©Mortimer J. Adler, 1980).

There they are supposed to see that intelligent people (i.e., philosophers?) at long last more or less have grounds for inferring that God exists. And, for a bonus, they are shown a rickety, half-supported rope bridge leading over the chasm to where people not only have decided that God exists, but believe in him with religious conviction. There, at the approach to this mockery of a



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bridge, the little flock is abandoned, but not before the good shepherd makes a valedictory apology for philosophy's inability to take them any further. (After all, they had been duly warned.)

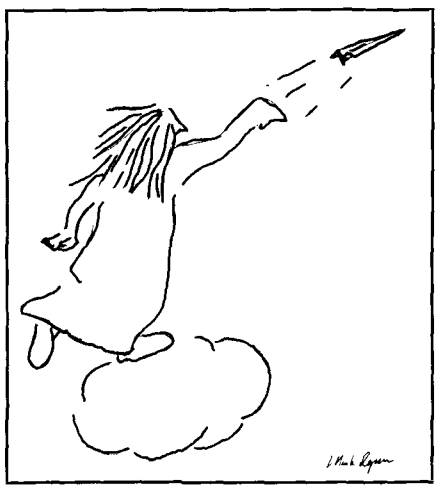
The book has two climaxes—one in chapter 13, where the author apparently debunks the cosmological argument of the redoubtable Thomas Aquinas; the other in chapter 15, where he infers God's existence by means of his own "true" cosmological argument. While it is beyond the scope of this review(er) to examine either of these intricate logical constructions in detail, it must be remarked that each of them seems to rest upon at least one questionable supposition.

Adler's refutation of the Thomist proof hinges on his ingenious notion of *metaphysical inertia*, which he postulates by bare analogy from the observable phenomenon of physical inertia. Just as an unimpeded moving body tends to sustain its own velocity indefinitely, so, Adler thinks, an existing entity tends to sustain its own existence indefinitely, without the operation of any metaphysical force upon it. This is sheer speculation, of course, the positing of a purely hypothetical phenomenon subject to neither scientific nor philosophic verification. It makes for an inelegant refutation at best.

WHAT must be questioned in chapter 15 is the supposed viability and necessity of another esoteric Adlerian concept, namely *preservative* (as differentiated from *creative*) *exnihilation*. Now creative exnihilation is the activity of an absolute being in bringing a contingent entity into existence *ex nihilo*. Preservative exnihilation, on the other hand, is the activity of no less absolute a being in causing an already existing contingent entity not to not exist. And if that contingent entity should be a *radically* contingent entity (like our cosmos), and if, moreover, it is merely one of a number of possible alternative entities (i.e., not a *necessary* entity, but one that could have not been, since it could have been otherwise), then it does not qualify for aid from metaphysical inertia, because inertia cannot account for the continuation of a state that has not been efficiently caused beforehand, such as the state we initially had to assume for the cosmos in order to avoid begging the question. (Which may suggest to some readers the analogy of the necessity of *preservative intoxication*.) In short, one wants to be more surely persuaded of the necessity of preservative exnihilation to the well-being of radically contingent cosmoses.

What is this book likely to do for its readers? We may answer in terms of Pascal's three human categories, which Adler has borrowed. The first category, those who know God and love him, may here be disabused of some common misconceptions concerning God, while learning not to put too much stock in the traditional proofs. The third category, those who neither know God nor seek him (adamant pagans), will bother to read the book only for the purpose of refuting or reviling it. (Watch for them in the *New York Times* book reviews.)

That leaves Pascal's second category, those who do not know God but do indeed seek after him (open-minded pagans like Adler himself). What of these, to whom the book is primarily addressed? At best, it will cause them to repudiate their atheistic or agnostic paganism and repair to the more sanguine fellowship of theistic paganism. Though by no means proselytized to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, they will now be inclined to aver that Something must be out there and behind it all. Perhaps a few will even be able to murmur an equivocal but uplifting "I believe," when they hear a newborn baby cry, or touch a leaf, or gaze up at the bright frosty skylight. Should any be doughty enough to sally forth onto the rope bridge, however, they will thenceforth have parted company with Mortimer J. Adler. □



*On the Road with John James Audubon*
*By Mary Durant and Michael Harwood*
*Dodd, Mead, 638 pp., $19.95*

# A TRAMP AT HOME

## NICHOLAS KING

There are two Audubons. One is the artist who painted *The Birds of America*. That Audubon burned, like all great painters, with the fire of creative ambition. His work still awaits appreciation, meaning the day when serious critics will look at his paintings and forget his subjects, which, while interesting in themselves, have made him the possession of sportsmen and bird-lovers. The most expensive Audubon engravings today are still the game birds. It is a century and a half since his work was published, but Audubon largely remains a piece of folklore and his pictures little more than expensive collectibles.

The other Audubon, hitherto missed by his biographers, is treated here in an imaginative and sympathetic way, an application of historical shadowing. This man was indeed an authentic American hero in a time—the first half of the nineteenth century—when America was living its dream of innocence. The frontier was still wide open. The people were pushing westward from a society already well established but still idealistic. The land's natural beauty was being discovered and appreciated, its rawness fare for Audubon's digestion. He traveled over much of the young country in order to record all its existing species of birds. He had to struggle against not only the savagery of the earth but also the incomprehension and indifference of his fellows. His life was an epic, if one calculates the hardships and obstacles he overcame. At the same time it was a picaresque adventure, spiced by his wit and his daring.

Mary Durant and Michael Harwood, a husband-and-wife writing team who have dealt extensively with nature and the environment, were inspired to approach Audubon's life in a startlingly appropriate way. They decided literally to follow his multitudinous paths up and down and back and forth across



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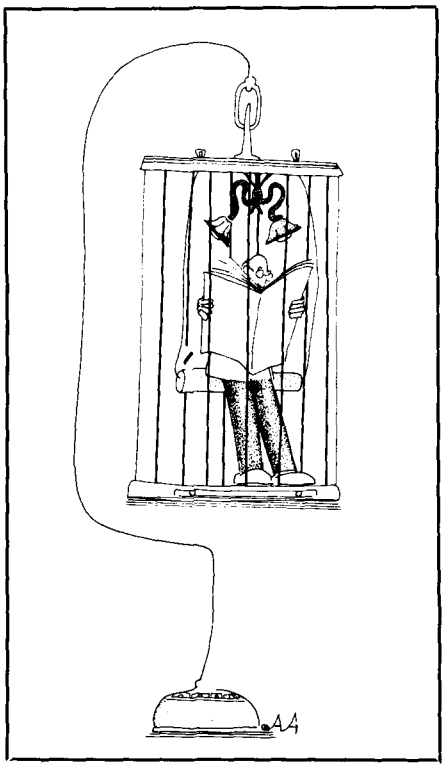
North America, from the fastnesses of Nova Scotia and Montana to the bayous of Texas and the coral reefs of the Florida Keys. Traveling by car, they camped out and cooked out near villages and towns and wildernesses Audubon visited or tarried in. They made notes of places Audubon described in his journals and letters, and then they went and looked at them as they are today, weaving their commentaries as they wove their movements, with his own descriptions of his adventures. They knew a great deal about Audubon and American ornithology before they started, and they learned even more on their long way.

Their contributions are far more voluminous but also more cogent than their quotations from Audubon himself. He is the guide, the master spirit, but they are the inheritors of his wanderings, and the dimension of time is on their side. Their experiences in the towns of Kentucky or along the banks of the Missouri or in east Florida and South Carolina are glimpses of life in our own America that often leave the period embroidery of their guide behind and expose the reader to another frontier which, if less official than that of Audubon's day, is every bit as worthy of record.

For one thing, they write much better than Audubon did, and here we come to a conclusion anyone who peruses the writing of the man is forced to acknowledge: Audubon was not a good writer, and not a very satisfying reporter either. His style grates on admirers of a later time. He is self-conscious, full of Gallic flourishes and steeped in a romantic diction that sits ill with the natural wonders he describes.

If he painted for himself, he wrote for the eyes of others, and the obvious efforts to charm and impress sometimes ring sadly hollow. Here he is, for example (in a passage the authors wisely omit), recording a visit to Indian Key near Key West:

> With what delightful feelings did we gaze on objects around us!—the gorgeous flowers, the singular and beautiful plants, the luxuriant trees. The balmy air which we breathed filled us with animation, so pure and salubrious did it seem to be. The birds which we saw were almost all new to us; their lovely forms appeared to be arrayed in more brilliant apparel than I had ever seen before . . .



This seems strange coming from the frontiersman, not to say the artist, who produced *The Birds of America*, the folk hero with his musket and his leather jacket and his flowing locks who conquered the swamps and scaled the crags of a wild continent. It is a mystery that is better left alone, and Durant and Harwood sensibly do so. They pick the best quotations and paraphrase the rest, keeping the meat but leaving the frivolities aside. And so Audubon emerges as he should.

The book is thus a just and happy one, without pretension and full of respectable feeling. At his tomb in upper Manhattan, looking down over Riverside Drive to the banks of the Hudson, Mary Durant movingly confesses that she knows more about Audubon than she does about her husband or her family, about anyone except herself. "I've read his journals, his mail, his anecdotes, his essays, the complete accounting—the vanities, lies and blather, follies and furors, the triumphs and the failures," she says. "We've stood in his tracks, tramped his woods and marshes, his riverbanks and seashores, climbed his hills . . . We have followed him down the arches of the years, and this moment, at his gravesite, is the day of his death." A labor of love, a labor well done. □

*John Dos Passos: A Twentieth Century Odyssey*
*By Townsend Ludington*
*Dutton, 568 pp., $20*

## AN AMERICAN LIFE

### C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

Professor Ludington has written a masterly biography of John Dos Passos, a work that ranks with Schorer's *Sinclair Lewis*, Baker's *Ernest Hemingway*, and Bedford's *Aldous Huxley*. The work is well characterized as an "odyssey": Dos Passos traveled a great deal in terms of geography, politics, and the subject-matter of his writings. Professor Ludington traces his peregrinations with skill and thoroughness.

Dos Passos was illegitimate. His parents were deeply in love, but his father was already married to another woman. When she died, Dos Passos's parents did marry; but that was not until he was ready for Harvard. As a boy Dos Passos, with his mother, lived a more or less furtive existence in European hotels, an ordeal which is commonly thought to be the cause of Dos Passos's shyness. However, his early life was not entirely grim. His father, a highly successful lawyer, had acquired a large tract of land, some seven thousand acres, in Westmoreland, Virginia where Dos Passos was able to spend part of his summers. These were his happiest childhood days.

Dos Passos, born in 1896, entered Choate in the fall of 1910 and graduated in 1912. He then went to Harvard, from which he graduated in 1916. At Choate his intellectual and literary talents received some recognition, and, for the first time, really, he was able to make a few friends. At Harvard he made many friends and was active in literary circles. He was still regarded, nevertheless, as a "lowly figure" and did not join any of the fashionable clubs.

Shortly after his graduation he went to Europe and joined an ambulance service attached to the French Army. When the United States entered the war he returned to his own country, enlisted in the army as a private, received training (perhaps his only real contact with the "common man"), and was shipped to Europe—only to arrive after the



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Armistice. He then wrote *Three Soldiers*, a novel that gave a depressing picture of army life. The book was controversial, but it sold widely and established Dos Passos as a writer.

His next works were *1919*, *Manhattan Transfer*, *The 42nd Parallel*, and *The Big Money*, the latter three of which were subsequently published as the trilogy *U.S.A.* *U.S.A.*, abounding in characters, plots, and subplots, depicts American capitalistic society in somewhat mordant terms. These novels and various lesser works published in the Twenties and early Thirties were acclaimed by the critics.

Intensely interested in politics, Dos Passos was regarded as a left-liberal. He clarified the chronology of his political shift when, in connection with a friend's involvement in loyalty-security proceedings in 1953, he made an affidavit that is quoted in full in *The Fourteenth Chronicle*, a collection of Dos Passos's letters and other miscellaneous writings published by Professor Ludington in 1973. In this affidavit he describes his trip to Spain in 1937 on behalf of the Spanish Republic. He wrote: "My observations in Spain brought about my complete disillusionment with Communism and the Soviet Union. The Soviet government operated in Spain a series of 'extra-legal tribunals,' more accurately described as murder gangs, who put to death without mercy all whom they could reach and who stood in the way of the Communists."

Before leaving Europe he encountered Ernest Hemingway, who "blurted out that if Dos Passos wrote about Spain as he now saw it, the New York reviewers would bury him. They would destroy him forever." Undeterred, Dos Passos wrote *The Adventures of a Young Man*. The hero goes to Spain from idealistic motives but fails to cooperate sufficiently with the Communists, who arrange his murder. The book was harshly condemned by the reviewers, with such honorable exceptions as John Chamberlain and James T. Farrell.

Dos Passos in his later writings turned to philosophy, history, and reminiscence, albeit publishing one novel in the *U.S.A.* genre, *Midcentury*, which ran for 15 weeks on the *New York Times* best-seller list and received some favorable reviews.

After 1939 Dos Passos became a hardline anti-Communist, thereby greatly annoying some of his old liberal friends and even troubling Professor Ludington. Among other things he supported Goldwater in 1964. He also wrote for NATIONAL REVIEW.

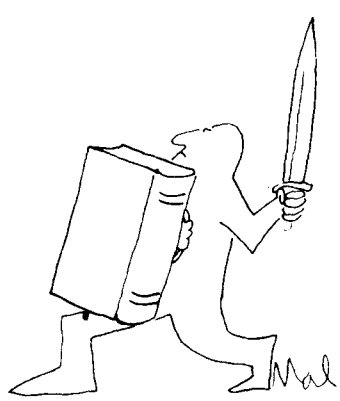
He died of heart failure in 1970. From Harvard on, he had a large circle of loyal friends. He was married to two lovely women: Katherine Smith, who was killed in an automobile accident in 1947, and then, in 1949, Elizabeth Holdridge, who survives. His home was on the land in Virginia inherited from his father, although he constantly engaged in travel. An extraordinary life, which deserves the excellence of this biography. □

# THEATER

## PORTRAIT OF THE MONARCH AS A YOUNG MAN

LINDA BRIDGES

Shakespeare's Henry V has been getting a bad press for the last couple of centuries, most recently from my friend and colleague Joe Sobran [*NR*, Oct. 3]. The Elizabethans, by and large, saw the historical Henry V as the one bright spot between the death of Edward III and the accession of Henry VII, and several generations of theater-goers viewed Shakespeare's Henry the same way. But ever since William Hazlitt, it has been a fairly widely held opinion that Hal/Henry V grows from a heartless, hypocritical boy into a bloody-minded, egotistical man, all the worse for his professions of piety.



The traditional view did not die with Dr. Johnson, of course; and since World War II it has revived with considerable force. Perhaps our time finds especially congenial this story of a man struggling to reconcile the demands of power with his personal life—a view of the plays presented with particular cogency in the current production of the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario.

In the 1979 season, director Peter Moss and his fine cast gave us an illuminating production of the two parts of *Henry IV*, maintaining a perfect balance between the uproarious, amoral world of Falstaff (played by Lewis Gordon with joyous expansiveness, but also with that hint of dangerousness that's essential in *Part 2*), and the world of serious affairs: the court (with Douglas Rain as an unusually moving Henry IV, torn between love and bitter disapproval of his scapegrace son Prince Hal), and the battlefield (with Stephen Russell as a vigorous Hotspur). The link between these worlds is of course Prince Hal (Richard Monette, in a beautifully integrated performance of this complex character), and the central thread of the plays is his choosing of his course, as he examines and reacts to the other figures around him.

In the 1980 season, Moss & Co. have done equally well by *Henry V*, aptly described in a Stratford publicity brochure as "Shakespeare's human, high-spirited portrait of the monarch as a young man." Monette returns to complete his portrait of Henry (alternating with Jack Wetherall), with Douglas Rain as the Chorus, full of enthusiasm and eager hope for his royal hero.

At the end of *Henry IV*, Hal has taken on the burden of kingship. But he has yet to show what *kind* of king he will be; and *Henry V* is occupied with letting him reveal himself, mainly through a dozen or so big speeches, several of them among the most famous in the language and, as Monette reads them, no two of them in the same key. Take Henry's two soliloquies: "Upon the king," slow, meditative, not without bitterness; and "O God of battles," which begins as an agonized plea and ends with a rueful acknowledgment of his position: he is the bearer of a guilt that he inherited along with the crown, and which no action of his can erase. Or two of the several speeches directed at the French: the first one, Henry's re-



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ply to the Dauphin's ambassadors, is ringing, trumpet-tongued defiance; the second, the speech before the besieged Harfleur, is harsh, exigent, relentless: Henry paces back and forth like a young panther while waiting for the French to reply, though when they surrender his relief is palpable. Or two of his speeches to the assembled English: St. Crispin's Day, with its buoyant, radiant courage, irresistibly rousing despite the intimacy of the Stratford staging; and his confrontation of the men who have plotted to assassinate him, in which he is beside himself with fury and grief.

As the St. Crispin's Day speech shows his strength, the scene with the traitors shows his weakness. For King Henry V is not some new and mythic creature; he's our old friend Prince Hal, left painfully vulnerable by the conflicts of his youth, at once emotional and acutely uncomfortable at losing control of his emotions. Thus, when he goes incognito around the camp on the eve of Agincourt and comes upon the three sentries who are discussing their likely fate the next day, he's anxious to justify the King to them; each time they agree with him on one point he presses the matter further, hoping for a declaration of their full approval. When the soldier Williams (Richard McMillan) claims instead that the King's vow not to be ransomed is just a device "to make us fight cheerfully," his wounded pride flares into anger.

However, this scene (including also the two soliloquies) marks the beginning of Henry's coming to terms with himself and his position as king. From the start of this play, he has worn "this new and gorgeous garment majesty" more easily than at the end of *Henry IV*, but he is still only too conscious of the need to prove himself. Not that he's gone incurably stuffy—can one imagine his father putting up with, let alone enjoying, as he does, the deliciously feisty and outspoken Welsh captain, Fluellen (Barry MacGregor)? But it is not until he has come through his dark night before the battle of Agincourt that he can let his old spontaneity come bubbling up again.

He is elated, in fact almost drunk with joy, when he first learns that his men, against all odds, have won the battle, and fairly dances with delight as he sets the glove scene in motion, engineering a fight (a comic one, though with an edge of retribution to it) between Williams and Fluellen. But this is his reaction to the *fact* of victory. He is sobered very quickly when he sees how "great and little loss" there was "on one part and on the other": ten thousand Frenchmen slain and another 1,500 taken prisoner; against 29 English dead. Whatever pride he may have been feeling breaks under the weight of this; and he falls to his knees in humility and gratitude. This in turn tugs at our memory of the first time we saw Henry fall to his knees: at the bedside of his dying father in *Henry IV Part 2*. But there his kneeling was a deliberate act of homage and devotion; here it is wrung from him, not *against* his will certainly, but almost without his will. He is simply overcome; and there is nothing either pro-forma or self-righteous about his assertion "that God fought for us."

And so we go from this battlefield to a very different one: Henry's struggle to woo the French princess, Katharine (Diana Leblanc). He starts off nervously, with a gentle and self-mocking modesty; but his moods shift kaleidoscopically—he will be talking a streak of splendid nonsense, catch Kate's eye, and suddenly be struck by how much he already does love her. Or he will be stung by her accusation, "Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?"; but when his own first stern reaction suggests to him a bit of reasoning that seems as sound as it is clever, he is so boyishly pleased that Kate can't help smiling too.

For her part, this Katharine is witty and spirited, and is not merely being coquettish: she, wise Frenchwoman that she is, wants to see what Henry's made of before she commits herself. It is only after she has finally goaded him into speaking a phrase of proper French that she will relent and give him an encouraging answer. And upon this his mood shifts again: he is serious now—a man, not a boy; and a king at that.

The final image in our eyes is Henry triumphant; but it is the Chorus who has the last word, reminding us of Henry's early death and the desolation that follows. And we, like the Elizabethans, feel all the more sharply the contrast between this great king and those who preceded and would follow him. □

# DELECTATIONS

## THE EDIBLE WORD

NIKA HAZELTON

Assuming that you still have a little money left over from Christmas, I suggest you pamper your kitchen and yourself with the following cookbooks:

*The Four Seasons Cookbook*, by Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi (Simon & Schuster, 573 pp., $29.95). The cookbook of this and many coming years, with all the delicious, inventive food of New York's most stunning restaurant. Jim Beard wrote the introduction; Barbara Kafka did a superb job of editing the book so that it is clear, logical, and a joy to cook from. Chef Seppi Renngli's imaginative, elegant recipes are now within the capabilities of anybody who loves great food. There are notes on ingredients and suppliers, serving and wine suggestions, and informative introductions to each recipe.

*The New Italian Cooking*, by Margaret and Franco Romagnoli (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 365 pp., $15). The technology is new—pressure cooker, food processor, microwave oven—but the food is unmistakably Italian, delicious and easy to prepare. Such an updating of Italian cooking was badly needed (although you can also cook from this book using traditional techniques); and the fact that the recipes are not for something "revolutionary" but for the old familiar Italian dishes will delight and reassure every dévoté of the world's most pleasant cuisine.

*Maida Heatter's Book of Great Chocolate Desserts*, drawings by Toni Evins (Knopf, 428 pp., $15). The ultimate book on the whole gamut of chocolate desserts, from simple to sophisticated. Chocolate-lovers will swoon with joy at the beauty of it all. There's also a wealth of information on techniques, equipment, kinds of chocolate, and the like.

*North Atlantic Seafood*, by Alan Davidson (Viking, 512 pp., $15.95). A book that is indispensable for anyone who wants to cook fish. This former British ambassador is a very literate and



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amusing writer who gives precise scientific information and descriptions of all the edible creatures of the North Atlantic, including their names in nine languages, and dispenses over 270 superior recipes from all over the world.

*Classic Indian Cooking*, by Julie Sahni (Morrow, 320 pp., $19.95). The best Indian cookbook I have ever read. It actually gave me the impulse to cook from it, something I've never wanted to do with Indian food before. So I tried a recipe, the Moghul Braised Chicken, which turned out delicious, and pretty to look at. The book tells you what kind of results you're aiming for—something about the dish's texture, spiciness, consistency, and so on—which is important when you are not familiar with the food. There is a section on the history and the principles of Indian cooking, and recipes from all parts of India, developed for the American kitchen, with clear how-to illustrations by Marisabina Russo. Indian food is not all hot nasty curries, but includes a variety of many delicate dishes.

*At Home with Japanese Cooking*, by Elizabeth Andoh, drawings by Michiko Fujiwara (Knopf, 254 pp., $15). Does an excellent job of explaining techniques, equipment, etc., and is full of recipes which sound delicious. The author is an American married to a Japanese; she has studied classical Japanese cooking for six years.

*Roger Vergé's Cuisine of the South of France* (Morrow, 286 pp., $14.95). The three-star chef of the Riviera teaches what he calls his own home cooking, with regional recipes that are very, very good indeed. He is one of the inventors of cuisine nouvelle in its best sense, and the recipes show its way of putting together interesting and unusual combinations, such as fish with bay leaves and citrus sauce, chicken with red wine and vinegar, and goat cheese marinated with dried herbs. His tarts and sorbets are simply wonderful. One of the great features of this book is that, with a few exceptions, the recipes are easy, showing that French food is not that gussied-up mish-mash advocated by so many (American) writers on French cooking.

*English Bread and Yeast Cookery*, by Elizabeth David, with notes by Karen Hess (Viking, 592 pp., $17.50). The last and final word on the subject in all its ramifications, from yeast to stoves and implements for baking. Elizabeth David, who singlehandedly made the British interested in good food, is also the most learned and thorough researcher in the field, and she writes with literary elegance. There are plenty of recipes here for anything that was ever baked in an English oven, from oatcakes to all kinds of breads. But in spite of the notes to the American edition, a cook who wishes to put this book to work will need to have some experience. Personally, I find it fascinating reading, but my neighbor, who bakes, finds it fascinating baking.

*Cook's Tools: The Complete Manual of Kitchen Implements and How to Use Them*, by Susan Campbell (Morrow, 288 pp., $14.95). The perfect present for the person who thinks he has everything, as it will immediately convince him that he doesn't. It is simply astounding to see what man invents between the cradle and the grave. The book is also full of surprising information concerning techniques of boning, cutting, making chocolate curls, and "Holding a cook's knife when cutting something resistant." Such fun to read; a book to crave.

*Cook's Ingredients*, by Philip Doell and Adrian Bayley (Morrow, 304 pp., $19.95). The most exquisitely illustrated book of the season. The photography of the enormous variety of foods is simply breathtaking—nothing like it has ever been done. There is a text explaining the cook's ingredients, and a short introduction by myself. If I had not contributed the introduction, I would have put this book at the top of my list of gift books; as it is, don't take my word for it—just look at the pictures and you will be convinced. □

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

AMERICAN DREAMS: LOST AND FOUND, *by Studs Terkel (Pantheon, 470 pp., $14.95).* Like a latter-day Alexis de Tocqueville, Studs Terkel roams the land in search of the American Spirit. Compiling oral testimony by the bushel (the Chicago dynamo has discovered that the tape recorder is mightier than either pen or sword), he has assembled yet another best-seller by culling one hundred disparate views of the American Dream. A sparse sampling of the famous is sprinkled among the musings of the proletariat to produce an approximation of the national character. Here is the irrepressible Bill Veeck succeeding at being unsuccessful, and the peripatetic Ted Turner, who remains insatiably successful. Contrast them with an artistic New York cabbie who has nagging fears about the erosion of a national authority, an ex-con who returns to the streets to deflect delinquents from wasted lives, or a Chicano who is frustrated with the token nature of his upward mobility and chucks a fifty-grand salary to do some honest farming. While it makes for interesting reading, the *message* is all too apparent: Jesse Helms's principles are far less attractive than is the greening of Karl Hess, who moves from ghostwriting for Barry Goldwater to a career on the New Left. Even the abrasive arrogance of Detroit Mayor Coleman Young seems muted by the account of his travail. This use of a cross-section of Americana to contrast the nobility of the disaffected with the smugness of the middle class reminds us that Terkel's ever-present cigar and disheveled mien are only the outward signs of his populist soul. ALAN L. MILLER

PHOTOGRAPHY ALBUM I, *by Pierre de Fencyl (Agrinde, 231 pp., $39.50).* This is the first of a planned series of photography annuals to be published by the Centre Georges Pompidou (usually known as Beaubourg) in Paris. The 15 photographers represented have nothing in common except their unfamiliarity to all but cognoscenti, but this makes for some fascinating discoveries. Among them is Victor Regnault (1810-1878), a founding member of the Société Française de Photographie and an extraordinary portraitist whose unidentified "scientists" exude the mystery of Nostradamus or even Faust, for all their frock-coated propriety; Félix Teynard, who traveled to Egypt in 1850-51 and photographed its monuments as Napoleon must have seen them, nearly buried in sand; and the Bauhaus student Umbo (Otto Umbehr), who manipulates light with the virtuosity of a Moholy-Nagy or a Man Ray, while at the same time managing to convey the ambiguity of in-



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doors and outdoors, solid and void, life and death. The over-flowery, not very informative text is in French and English: the latter is halting, above all when used to translate captions from a German original. As this writer has reason to know, *Rut* transliterates into English as Ruth.

RUTH BERENSON

DREAMS IN THE MIRROR, *A Biography of E. E. Cummings, by Richard S. Kennedy (Liveright, 529 pp., $19.95).* Cummings, however low his reputation may have sunk today—and I'll concede that I'm judging that mainly by the tone of the *New York Times* review of this book—was the last of the Romantic poets. For all the linguistic and typographical gymnastics of his poems, not to mention the puns, portmanteau words, and unnecessary obfuscations which make such prose works as *Eimi* and *The Enormous Room* almost as difficult to read as *Finnegans Wake*, Cummings was as simple (and simple-minded) a nature poet as Wordsworth, as flamboyant a poseur and bourgeois-baiter as Byron, though totally lacking the saving grace of Byron's capacity to include himself in the human comedy. Byron pokes wicked fun at the literary pretensions of the likes of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, but there is nothing personal in his barbs—as there is, though, when he strikes out at those whom he perceives as enemies of freedom: George III, Lord Castlereagh, et al. Cummings's characterizations of those he does not approve have the mean-spirited tone of a self-righteous snob and, in his later years, of a paranoid reactionary and antisemite. Yet the poems Cummings addressed throughout his long life to the things he did genuinely love—women, birds, night, spring, outcasts, rebels, stars, mice, insects, Paris, New England, Greenwich Village, his parents (noble Americans both), and the importance of being wholly one's inviolate self—are as moving today as when he wrote them and probably always will be.

*joy was his song and joy so pure*
*a heart of star by him could steer*
*and pure so now and now so yes*
*the wrists of twilight would rejoice . . .*
*love is the whole and more than all.*

Poets with Cummings's capacity to accept basic sensual experience and transmit it so simply and piercingly are no longer being produced by our complex, guilt-ridden society; but biographers capable of appreciating such rare spirits without glossing over neurosis, meanness, and human frailty are among the glories of our declining age. Richard S. Kennedy is one of these. His handling of the poet's troubled life is thorough but compassionate; his handling of the poems, definitive. As Cummings would say, Viva!

SELDEN RODMAN

# Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

TWENTY YEARS ago your faithful reviewer brought out a smallish volume about the incipient phases of a new conservatism on the campus.

That youthful causerie gave rise to numerous amused responses suggesting that "campus conservatism" was an oxymoron, and that nothing of the sort would, or should, amount to much. Nor was there any prospect that such feeble flickerings of conservatism as might exist on college campuses would affect the larger course of politics.

Now that two decades have elapsed, and Ronald Reagan has ascended into glory, talk about a new conservatism seems less hilarious. Equally to the point, it is clear that conservative electioneering, as currently practiced in the national arena, began with the youth brigade of the 1960s—and continues to draw its strength from similar sources.

The connection is traced by James C. Roberts in *The Conservative Decade* (Arlington House, $14.95), a survey of young conservatives and their role in present-day politics. The author, himself a product of the tendency he describes, headed a campus conservative club and served as executive director of the American Conservative Union.

Roberts shows the process by which the robust conservatism of today evolved from its youthful beginnings, describing the interconnections among key organizations and individuals: how the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, NATIONAL REVIEW, Young Americans for Freedom, *Human Events*, and the Young Republicans nourished the soil from which the Goldwater movement sprang; the subsequent flow of energies into ACU, the early Reagan candidacies, and campaigns for the Congress; the further growth of conservative scholarship and organizations.

Most of the discussion is focused on the current crop of conservative officeholders, lobby groups, political committees, think tanks, writers, publications, and fund-raisers—a veritable who's who of modern conservatism. In virtually every case, the author demonstrates, the groups discussed emerged from the conservative youth effort, and are headed and staffed by people under forty. It is a dazzling array, much larger and more powerful than any of us back in the early Sixties could have imagined.

If Roberts describes the positive side of the new conservatism, James Bennett and Manuel Johnson's *The Political Economy of Federal Government Growth* (Texas A&M, College Station, Tex. 77843; $12.95) describes the negative. It is a truism that people vote *against* much more than they vote *for*, and all the conservative advocacy in the world could not have produced a major shift in national politics if the reigning orthodoxy of the liberals had not succeeded in discrediting itself.

FIRST AND foremost among the discreditable things the liberals have done, from a political standpoint, has been the imposition of massive costs on the American taxpayer through the inordinate growth of government spending programs and regulations. To conceal these costs, or to obscure their origins, has been a major task of liberal statecraft and polemic, which have for many years instructed us that our gargantuan Federal Government, for some mysterious reason, wasn't really getting bigger.

With the publication of Bennett and Johnson's book, the masquerade is over. They show how large the growth of the Leviathan has been, in terms of spending and effective control of the economy; the resulting costs in the form of taxes; and the devices used to keep the public in ignorance of what is happening. Most tellingly, they analyze the dodges by which federal employment totals have apparently been kept from rising. In essence, the Feds have managed to off-load employment by hiring outside contractors and consultants, and by converting the General Services payroll into a high-paid managerial staff, with its own incentives to keep the process going. All in all, a definitive book on what is arguably the central topic of our politics. □



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

# Kemp-Roth: Full Speed Ahead

On The Right

*New York*, Jan. 16—As one would expect, a fight is going on within the Reagan camp, broadly viewed, on economic strategy. That a fight should be going on within a political congeries validates the proposition, at once comforting and sad, that people are human and remain so even when elected to positions of power.

Why Senator Dole and Representative Barber Conable should so heatedly oppose the adamant commitment of Mr. Reagan to be guided by the supply-side logic of Kemp-Roth can only be understood in terms of orthodox trepidation. Few people would take greater pleasure than Messrs. Dole and Conable from economic recovery in America. But when Richard Nixon said airily in 1971 that "we are all Keynesians now," he was speaking not only for his royal self, but for his orthodox henchmen, such as Dole and Conable.

The good news is that Reagan has said: Full speed ahead. The instruction has gone out to David Stockman, the designated director of the Office of Management and Budget. The plan is to concentrate, during the first few months of the Administration, on reducing the budget. This concentration is prudent for two reasons.

THE FIRST is that a freshly inaugurated President is at the height of his power, ordinarily, in the first months of his tenure. The second is that by cutting spending, Reagan will be hewing to the orthodox line. Orthodox conservatives believe that you must a) cut spending and only then b) cut taxes. The new perception, in the supply-side economic school, is you should a) cut spending; but whether you succeed in doing so or not, b) cut taxes. Cut any old taxes? No. Tax cuts are in general desirable for the obvious reasons. But those cuts are most desirable which lead most probably to an increase in production. Kemp-Roth does that.

It is pleasant to think that one year from now no American will consider himself politically or economically literate unless he has read George Gilder's new book, *Wealth and Poverty*. *Barron's* magazine has scooped the critical press by hailing it—"as what may be the greatest demolition job ever done on liberal economics and the welfare state." The reviewer goes so far as to say that Gilder's book "just might be the seminal economic work of the decade."

Why the excitement? For reasons that touch closely on the arguments raging within the Reagan camp. Unhappily, during the past generation people who think about economics have tended to think in frozen contexts. If the government spends $x$, the Internal Revenue Service should bring in $x$. In fact, the Internal Revenue Service, year after year, has been bringing in $x$ minus $y$. The socialists—John Kenneth Galbraith is their oracle—have said that this represents no problem more difficult than raising the tax rate, in order to dissipate the $y$ factor. Kemp & Roth, students of such as Laffer and Roberts and Reynolds, discovered a basic flaw in what the highbrows call the "econometric model." The model is what economic scribes stare at when they devise their theories of human economic behavior. It will, in its gloriously inert way, say to you, even as a computer would: "YOU WANT MORE MONEY? SO YOU RAISE TAXES." The model isn't even lively enough to comment, "WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT, ASS?"

But the model is uninstructed in human behavior. And George Gilder demonstrates, as eloquently as has ever been done, that Craig Roberts's compelling demonstration —which resulted in the reprogramming of the Chase-Manhattan econometric model —that people tend to ease up in productivity when the economic benefits from increased productivity decline, is the salient datum of a decade lost to inflation, decreasing productivity, de-industrialization, and a general demoralization.

What is needed most is a reduction in the rates of taxation. A 25 per cent top tax is discouraging. A 70 per cent top tax (which is what we have, not counting state and city levies) is an encouragement to tax shelters, inactivity, hoarding, risk-avoidance, and torpor. The opponents of supply-side economics are thoroughly pedigreed in the classical economics of Alfred Marshall, but they forget that those who authorized a progressive income tax in America (in 1913) did so on the explicit assumption that it would never rise above 10 per cent. As things now stand, Kemp-Roth will be presented to Congress in May 1981, and, beginning in June, the American taxpayer will be asked to pay 10 per cent less in tax per year, for the next three years. Take a deep breath. □

## REAGAN'S BANANA PEEL

*New York*, Jan. 19—Those Americans who have happily supposed that with the election of Ronald Reagan will come changes in government of philosophical consequence need by no means despair. But the job is so overwhelming (alter the Zeitgeist of a couple of million bureaucrats) that it pays to note, and grieve over, spectacular disappointments. When General Eisenhower announced, shortly after his election, that he would appoint as Labor Secretary Martin Durkin, a conspicuous labor-union opponent of the Taft-Hartley reform, Senator Taft, the usually self-contained leader of the Republican wing of the Senate, blurted out to the press that it was nothing less than "an incredible appointment." Ronald Reagan has matched the gaffe of Dwight Eisenhower in naming Terrel Bell as Secretary of Education.

By way of background, this Cabinet office is about a year old. It was from the beginning a transparent exercise in bureaucratic fission: the more bureaucracies, the more bureaucrats. Senator Moynihan, in an offhanded moment, felicitously dubbed President Carter a "wholly owned subsidiary of the National Education Association." The NEA is the principal lobbyist for more and more bureaucratic education, for a larger and larger dominion over it by the Federal Government, and for a general deterioration of the standards of progressive excellence which for so many years were the principal allure of public education. Ronald Reagan entered the campaign pledging to eliminate this latest accretion to the licentious family of the Washington bureaucracy. Instead, he nominated Mr. Terrel Bell.

FLASHBACK. Two weeks after the election of Mr. Reagan, a man with huge experience in government and longstanding devotion to conservative reform was asked to serve on one of the transitional task forces; specifically, to recommend highly qualified men and women for, among other posts, Secretary of Education.



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After considerable study, he reported to the senior official on the task force, and the conversation went roughly as follows:

Volunteer Expert: "I think Secretary of Education should go to George Roche."

Task Force Executive: "Who?"

VE: "George Roche—R-o-c-h-e. You know, president of Hillsdale College."

TFE: "President of what?"

VE: "Hillsdale College. You know . . . *Hillsdale College*. It's the college that's been fighting the federal bureaucracy, under Roche, for seven years—you know—*Hillsdale*!"

TFE: "Would you give me a memorandum on Hillsdale?"

VE *(after a long pause)*: "No, Jack, no; I won't give you a memorandum. Forget it."

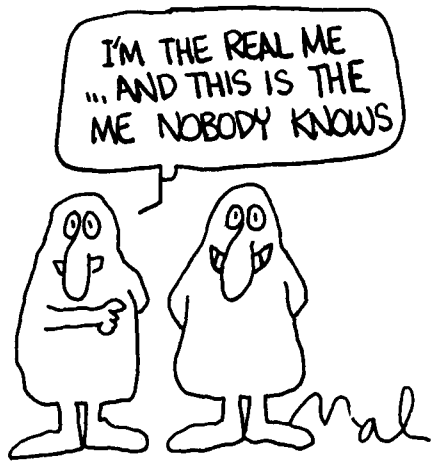
The volunteer expert reasoned, plausibly, that to instruct someone who had not heard of Hillsdale College or of George Roche, and who would be reporting to Ronald Reagan on a suitable education commissioner, would be on the order of reporting, to a task force official charged with searching after an equal-rights commissioner, just who Martin Luther King was, and what *Brown* v. *Board of Education* was all about.

So: Mr. Reagan gives us as Secretary of Education a man who said in 1976 that it is "hard to find another solution" than busing for integration. Who favors "equalizing property taxes"; who feels that the Federal Government should correct "gross national deficiencies in education." Who says—so much for states' rights, and states' initiatives—that the states should look to the Federal Government and say, "You take the lead." Who believes—brace yourself—that "the Federal Government must specify the ends of education" and "provide the financial support to meet those ends."

No wonder that the executive director of the National Education Association was "effusive" (*Wall Street Journal*) in his praise of Mr. Reagan's nominee. He might as well have been appointed by President George McGovern. □

## HARRY ELMLARK, RIP

*New York*, Jan. 5—It is now a commonplace that often men will die almost immediately after their retirement, an observation leading to the psycho-biological hypothesis that men of affairs, plopped suddenly into retirement—never mind the accompanying valedictories and gold watches and pensions—suffer a kind of organic desuetude. Since all those other people out there, whom he used to serve, no longer need his services, he has no services left to offer. Having no particular reason to stay alive, he somehow contaminates, by his




psychological sense of uselessness, his biological self. And then (the theory has it) he contracts (although one isn't supposed to "contract" such things, in the sense that one contracts syphilis): heart trouble, or cancer; whatever.

Harry Elmlark, who died on Christmas Eve, fits tidily as a datum in the portfolio of the archivists of death-upon-retirement. His official retirement would not begin until the new year. But he was very unhappy about this undeferrable event. Harry Elmlark had been something of a legend in the world of editors and publishers. It is possible that no man of the last generation knew personally more editors than Harry did, Harry's trade being newspaper syndication of columns and other features, which for thirty years kept him on the road, hawking his wares.

He told me (this was at our last meeting, at St. Luke's Hospital in New York) that during the Thirties, after he graduated from the University of Virginia, he immediately married his beloved Lillian—whom he promptly retired as a dancer for the Rockettes—assuring her a happy, indeed prodigal life on his weekly salary of $18 (Harry could sell anyone on anything). He confessed to me, on his deathbed—from which, fighting that final round, he could not during the last two weeks summon the energy even to turn on the television set—that he had been confident he would realize his dream in the syndicate business, which was to earn $50 a week. "We'd be rich," he recalled, though the words were not readily audible, coming from what was now, by hot pursuit of a most malevolent form of blood and bone cancer, more nearly a rictus than the human face of the aggressive, moody, enthusiastic, childlike, argumentative, devoted agent of his clients' features: the friend and purveyor, of James Jackson Kilpatrick, Mary McGrory, the late Bishop Sheen, the Small Society, and, among so many others, me.

We went through the bedside routine . . . the new drug would restore him . . . he'd be home for Christmas . . . there would be plenty to do to keep him busy in the years ahead . . .

His replies, which by temperament would normally have been plucky, were tired. He closed his eyes, and asked simply, "How long will you be away?" I answered: "Just five or six days, Harry." He said, "In case anything happens while you're gone, I'll tell you what I told Helen [his best friend], that I'd rather go at 71 having known you for 18 years, than go at eighty not having known you at all." How does one requite such an expression? The hospital room was dark, so that I could leave him without his seeing any facial betrayals of my verbal assurance that we would meet again on New Year's Eve, at his apartment.

Two days before, Harry's lawyer had called the doctor. "I want to read to you a paragraph from Mr. Elmlark's will," the lawyer had said, and proceeded to read from a California model I had picked up years ago and he had incorporated into his will, to the effect that the testator instructed his doctors not to prolong his life by extravagant and synthetic attentions when the prognosis was reliably negative. The doctor, who had become fond of Harry—as almost everyone became fond of him—privately advised me that the point was moot. The prescriptions were routine; and routinely ineffective over the long term.

BUT HIS impending retirement notwithstanding, he did want to live (most people do). True, he was lonely; his Lillian, from whom he had been inseparable, died of cancer in 1973. His only daughter, a few years later. He had a grandson, whose stepmother was kind to him, which dispelled Harry's only official nonprofessional concern. He had contrived the big deal—the syndicate he worked for, sold to the *Washington Star*, then to Time, Inc., then to Universal Press: the whole enterprise flourishing under new, young management. The writers he introduced to syndication, notably J. J. Kilpatrick and me (Mary he inherited from the *Star*), were his friends, as were Helen, and June, and Newby and Betty Noyes from the old *Star*.

What to say? I am an executor of his modest estate. My son is a peripheral beneficiary of it. Memorial services are tentative; so that we have sure recourse only to a very private grief, to which this grateful friend gives public expression, notwithstanding that Harry, sitting at his editorial desk across which, for so many years, the copy flowed, would initially have resisted it, but—in the end—let it go; because, even as he loved, however discreetly, he longed also to be loved. □

**(Universal Press Syndicate)**



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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. *Indian chief who did not marry Standing Heifer*
S I T T I N G B U L
14 79 1 7 110 11 116 159 68 165
192

B. *A river in Switzerland*
A a r e
18 101 115 124

C. *What the Constitution has been modified by*
A M E N D M E N T S
26 60 186 127 39 177 197 152 56 92

D. *A German theologian and author (1799-1867)*
32 140 105 69 128

E. *A poem by William Cullen Bryant*
48 2 19 38 75 15 131 170 35 6
44

F. *Neither the Boston Braves nor the Cleveland Indians*
82 67 58 20 70 95 126 24 172 52

G. *The mother of John the Baptist*
86 125 64 166 81 73 118 163 49

H. *A family that was prominent in Wisconsin earlier in the century*
107 61 205 47 83 121 25 16 21 184
194

I. *Newts*
E F T S
3 31 84 90

J. *A FEW AT FAT EVE*
120 10 132 190 212 219 199 4 23 37
144 151

K. *An inlet of the North Sea at Lincoln and Norfolk, Eng.*
138 157 189 63 89 209 168

L. *Parts of the human anatomy (an anagram of other parts)*
S
145 208 188 217 93 133

M. *A beach in Delaware*
187 96 66 114 87 122 156 71

N. *What many athletes excel in*
195 22 46 88 94 130 150 214 117 225
29

O. *Compensates*
S
30 80 112 129 143 154 162

P. *A Missouri senator for almost 30 yrs.; a famous American painter*
201 85 176 9 40 27 33 45 72 99
142 155 179

Q. *An Indian popularized by Longfellow*
H I A W A T H A
211 57 164 53 182 77 196 191

R. *This is on the table at every meal*
221 59 17 65 5 74 103 104 119 136
160

S. *What the well-dressed man wears in the Canal Zone*
149 102 62 141 12 161 42 169 28 76

T. *Three rivers in Eng.*
224 98 183 202 222 113

U. *A town southwest of London, Eng.*
8 174 226 198 51

V. *Silence!*
41 147 13 213 54

W. *Prairie State enthusiasts*
43 193 207 34 123 135 218 223 215 78

X. *Two former states of India*
109 197 180 206 216

Y. *Former name of the Methodist Youth Fellowship*
158 134 139 167 200 210 220 36 50 55
97 106 111

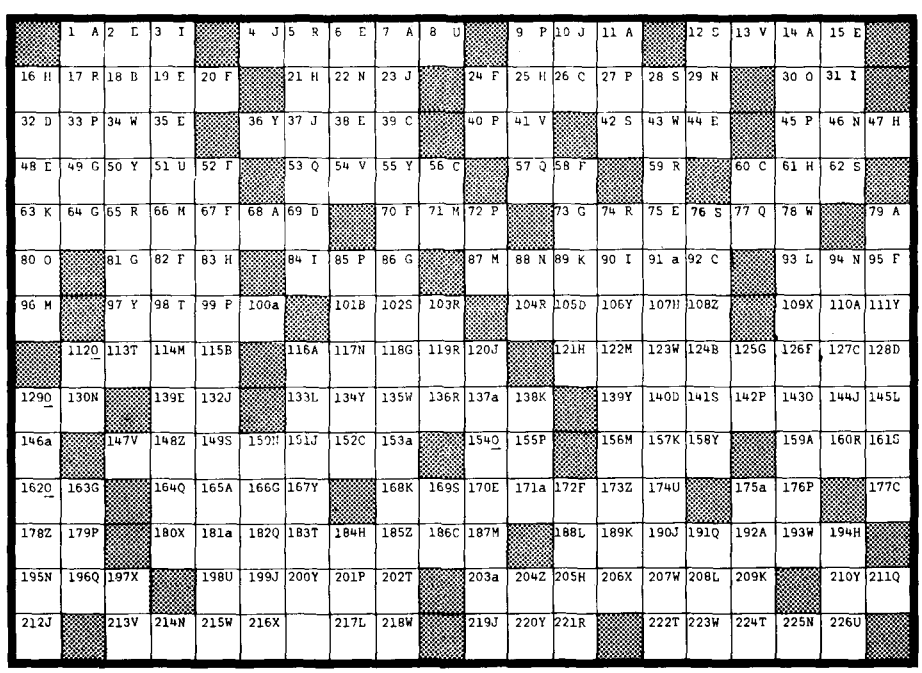
Z. *One of these United States*
173 204 185 178 108 148

a. *A journey to an ancient Greek city?*
175 181 100 203 197 153 91 146 137 171

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 114 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.





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# Babies, Strikes and Compulsory Unionism Don't Mix.

Marlene Swanson, R.N., is a dedicated nurse who takes care of newborn babies, many of them premature, most of them black and Hispanic, and all of them in need, at a community hospital outside Providence, Rhode Island.

When an illegal strike was called, Marlene refused to join it. She crossed the picket line and reported to work because, as she says, "Nurses take the Hippocratic oath too, like doctors. I felt a moral responsibility to those infants."

Angry union officials immediately retaliated. Marlene, along with the other nurses at the hospital, had been forced to join the union to keep her job. This compulsory union membership, union officials claimed, made all nurses subject to fines for any disobedience of their decisions.

They charged Marlene Swanson with violating union by-laws, held a sham "trial," and fined her $250 for taking care of her infant patients during the strike. When Marlene appealed the fine to the union membership, they increased it to $300!

An undaunted Marlene refused to pay the fine, and the union took her to court. At first, she didn't know where to turn for the legal help she urgently needed. After all, she was just one member against the entire Rhode Island State Nurses Association.

Then she remembered reading about William F. Buckley, Jr.'s legal battle against a union, and called his office. She was referred to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which agreed to provide counsel.

A defense was prepared and presented so effectively that the union suggested the case could be settled out of court if Marlene would give the fine to charity. She flatly refused "because a lot of other nurses were watching to see what happened to me. I could not admit I was guilty of anything."

A judge of the Rhode Island Superior Court emphatically agreed, handing down a directed verdict against the union and for Marlene Swanson. Judge Clifford J. Cawley ruled that state public policy was quite clear that strikes by nurses were illegal, and that it is the "zenith of asininity" to fine anyone for failure to take part in an illegal strike.

The importance of Marlene's victory became quickly apparent. When another illegal strike occurred at the hospital, not just one, but 18 nurses crossed the picket line, putting their patients first and their union second.

Marlene Swanson was fortunate. She received experienced legal help in a case that lasted nearly two years. She would not have won and established an important principle—that nurses cannot be compelled to participate in an illegal strike—without that expert legal assistance.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can—currently in more than 100 cases involving illegal union political spending, violations of academic and political freedom, union violence, and other abuses of basic employee rights.

If you'd like to help people like Marlene Swanson, we'd like to hear from you.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
8001 Braddock Road
Springfield, Virginia 22160

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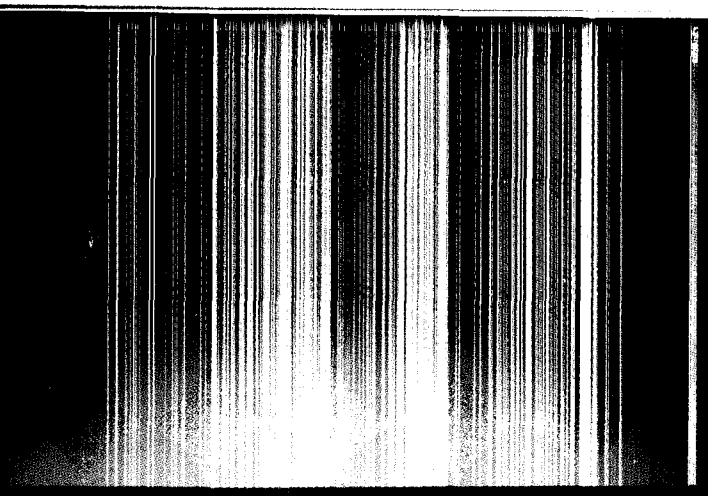

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